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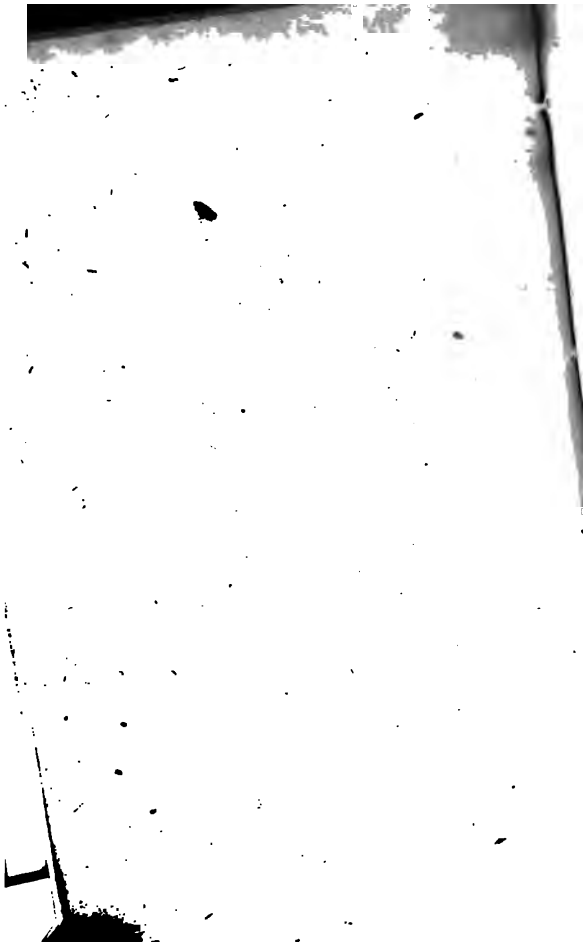

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Timon of Athens.

Act IV. Scene I.

THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM
THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S
LAST EDITION,
WITH
A SELECTION
OF
THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME XIV.

CONTAINING
TIMON OF ATHENS.
CORIOLANUS.

LEIPSICK:
PRINTED FOR GERHARD FLEISCHER THE YOUNGER.
1809.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Timon, *a noble* Athenian.
Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, } *Lords, and flatterers of* Ti
Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *false Friends.*
Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*
Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.
Flaminius, Lucilius, Servilius, } Timon's *Servants.*
Caphis, Philotus, Titus, Lucius, Hortensius, } *Servants to* Timon's *Credit*
Two Servants of Varro, *and the Serv*
Isidore; *two of* Timon's *Creditors.*
Cupid *and Maskers. Three Strangers.*
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian. *A Page. A Fool.*

Phrynia, * Timandra, } *Mistresses to* Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Sold
Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods adjoin*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and Others, at several doors.*

Poet. Good day, Sir.
Pain. I am glad you are well.
Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power,
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.
Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, Sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But, for that ——
Poet. *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,*
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good form.
[*Looking on the jewel.*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.
Pain. You are rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?
Pain. A picture, Sir. — And when comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.
Let's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?
Poet. I'll say of it,

It tutor's nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *and pass over.*

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens; — Happy men
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.
Pain. I saw them speak together.
Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'th mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, Sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late-belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do w
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes hav
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; servant of* Ventidius *talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good Lord: five talents his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
nd, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me: —
's not enough to help the feeble up,
to support him after. — Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your Honour!
[*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

l Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

n. Freely, good father.

Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? — Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here at your Lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*to* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!
[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and old* Athenian.
Post. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your Lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. — What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance

Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The gods preserve you!
Tim. Well fare you, Gentleman: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.
Jew. What, my Lord? dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters; believe't, dear Lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No my good Lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your Lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.
Apem. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I called thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?
Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. — Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. *Enter a* Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and *some twenty* horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide t
us. —
[*Exeunt some* Attendant
You must needs dine with me: — Go not yo
hence.
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner
done,
Show me this piece. — I am joyful of yo
sights. —

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his Company.*

Most welcome, Sir! [*They salut*
Apem. So, so: there! —
Aches contract and starve your supple joints! —
That there should be small love 'mongst the
sweet knaves,
And all this cour'tsy! The strain of man's bre
out
Into baboon and monkey.
Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, an
I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome, Sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasure. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTU

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.
1. *Lord.* That time serves still.
Apem. The most accursed thou, that still
omit'st it.
2. *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's fea

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2. *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2. *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1. *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2. *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*

1. *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2. *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward; no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1. *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2. *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1. *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

same. A Room of State in Timon's *House.*

itboys playing loud musick. A great ban-uet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attend-g; then enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LU-US, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* thenian *Senators, with* VENTIDIUS *and* At-adants. *Then comes, dropping after all,* PEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*

en. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember
father's age, and call him to long peace.
s gone happy, and has left me rich:
n, as in grateful virtue I am bound
your free heart, I do return those talents,
bled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
riv'd liberty.
im. O, by no means,
est Ventidius: you mistake my love;
ve it freely ever; and there's none
truly say, he gives, if he receives:
ır betters play at that game, we must not dare
imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.
en. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously look-ing on* TIMON.

m. Nay, my Lords, ceremony
but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
aint deeds, hollow welcomes,
nting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortune
Than my fortunes to me. [*They si*
1. *Lord.* My Lord, we always have confess'd i
Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, hav
you not?
Tim. O, Apemantus! — you are welcome.
Apem. No,
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.
Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got
humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame; —
They say, my Lords, that *ira furor brevis est*
But yond' man's ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.
Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art a
Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would
have no power: 'pr'ythee, let my meat make thee
silent.
Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me,
for I should
Ne'er flatter thee. — O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and
pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I
Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My Lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way!
A brave fellow! — he keeps his tides well.
Timon
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my Lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my Lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one

's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere
ie born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water,
ks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.
n. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Ti-
mon.
ord. Joy had the like conception in our
eyes,
t that instant, like a babe sprung up.
n. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a
bastard.
ord. I promise you, my Lord, you mov'd
me much.
s. Much! [*Tucket sounded.*
What means that trump? — How now?

Enter a Servant.

Please you, my Lord, there are certain
nost desirous of admittance.
Ladies? What are their wills?
There comes with them a forerunner,
d, which bears that office, to signify their
s.
I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Hail to thee, worthy Timon; — and
to all
his bounties taste! — The five best senses
ledge thee their patron; and come freely
ilate thy plenteous bosom: The ear,
touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table
rise;
aly now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance: —
Musick, make their welcome. [*Exit* CUPID.

1. *Lord.* You see, my Lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. Re-enter CUPID, *with a masque of* Ladies *as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey dey! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; *and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair Ladies,

t a fair fashion on our entertainment,
hich was not half so beautiful and kind;
m have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
id entertain'd me with mine own device;
im to thank you for it.

1. *Lady.* My Lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and ould not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet tends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my Lord.

[*Exeunt* CUPID, *and* Ladies.

Tim. Flavius, ——

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. — More jewels yet! ere is no crossing him in his humour;

[*Aside.*

se I should tell him, — Well, — i'faith, I should,
hen all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
is pity, bounty had not eyes behind;
at man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns, with the casket.*

1. *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my Lord, in readiness.

2. *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
o say to you: — Look you, my good Lord, I must
ntreat you, honour me so much, as to
dvance this jewel;
ccept, and *wear it, kind* my Lord.

1. *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts, —
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.
Tim. They are fairly welcome.
Flav. I beseech your Honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.
Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee let us be provided
To show them entertainment.
Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* May it please your Honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd. — How now, what news?
3. *Serv.* Please you, my Lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your Honour two brace of greyhounds.
Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be received,

ent fair reward.
[*Aside.*] What will this come to?
mands us to provide, and give great gifts,
out of an empty coffer. —
he know his purse; or yield me this,
him what a beggar his heart is,
no power to make his wishes good;
ises fly so beyond his state,
at he speaks is all in debt, he owes
y word; he is so kind, that he now
rest for't; his lands put to their books.
would I were gently put out of office,
were forc'd out!
is he that has no friend to feed,
:h as do even enemies exceed.
nwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*
You do yourselves
rong, you hate too much of your own
merits: —
ıy Lord; a trifle of our love.
rd. With more than common thanks I
will receive it.
d. O, he is the very soul of bounty!
And now I remember me, my Lord, you
gave
›rds the other day of a bay courser
ı: it is yours, because you lik'd it.
rd. I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord,
in that.
You may take my word, my Lord; I
know, no man
ły praise, but what he does affect:
my friend's affection with mine own;
you true. I'll call on you.
ords. None so welcome.
I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my
And ne'er be weary. — Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy liv
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands th
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my Lord.

1. *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound, —

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd, ——

Tim. All to you. — Lights, more ligh

1. *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you
Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lor

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums
I doubt whether their legs be worth the se
That are given for 'em. Friendship's
dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never hav
legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on
sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert no
I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be brib'd too, there would
left
To rail upon thee; and then thou woul
the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me,
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:

What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?
Tim. Nay,
An you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better musick. [*Exit.*
Apem. So; ——
Thou'lt not hear me now, — thou shalt not then,
I'll lock
Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in a Senator's *House.*

Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. — Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, Sir; What is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when —
Commend me to your master — and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: — but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him,
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone;
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flushes now a phoenix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, Sir.
Sen. I go, Sir? — take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, Sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Hall in Timon's *House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his h*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of
pence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind,
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from
hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the Servants of* Isidore *and*
Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,
ou come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is; — And yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

ter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords*, &c.

n. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth
again,
lcibiades. — With me? What's your will?
k. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my Lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own: and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my Lord, —
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good Lord, —
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment, ——
Caph. If you did know, my Lord, my master's wants, —
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, six weeks,
And past, ——
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my Lord;
And I am sent expressly to your Lordship.
Tim. Give me breath: ——
I do beseech you, good my Lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and Lords.*
I'll wait on you instantly. — Come hither, pray you. [*To* FLAVIUS.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamourous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
Flav. Please you, Gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertain'd.
Flav. I pray, draw near. [*Exit* Ti
[*Exit* Fla

Enter APEMANTUS *and a* Fool.

Capb. Stay, stay, here comes the fool wi
pemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.
raid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
pem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
ar. Serv. I speak not to thee.
em. No, 'tis to thyself. — Come away.
[*To the* Fool.
l. Serv. [*To* Var. Serv.] There's the fool
on your back already.
n. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not
yet.
Where's the fool now?
He last asked the question. — Poor
and usurers' men! bawds between gold
!
'hat are we, Apemantus?
Asses.
v. Why?
'hat you ask me, what you are, and
r yourselves. — Speak to 'em, fool.
w do you, Gentlemen?
?
Gramercies, good fool: How does
e'en setting on water to scald such

chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the* Fool.] Why, how now, Captain? what do you in this wise company? — How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit* Page.

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. —— You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I, — as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his

Serv. My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good Lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd Lord.
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim.

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good Lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty hath yet pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho! — Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

Serv. My Lord, my Lord, —

Tim. I will despatch you severally. —— You, to lord Lucius, —
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day; — You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them,
Toward a supply of money; let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph! [*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, Sir, [*To another* Serv.] to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant

. thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honourable, —
But yet they could have wish'd — they know not — but
Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis pity —
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! —
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy. —
Go to Ventidius, — [*To a* Serv.] Pr'ythee, [*To* Flavius,] be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee: — [*To* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,

I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him
me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be ren
ber'd
With those five talents: — that had, — [*To*
VIUS.] give it these fe
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or t
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends c
Flav. I would, I could not think it;
thought is bounty's
Being free itself, it thinks all others so.
[*Ex*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Lucullus's *Hou*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a* Servant *to*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is
ing down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's me
gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I d
of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flami
honest Flaminius; you are very respectively
come, Sir. — Fill me some wine. — [*Exit*
vant.] And how does that honourable, com

free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, — nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

Serv. Please your Lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flav. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, — give thee thy due, — and one, that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. — Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the* Servant, *who goes out.*] — Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. *Thy lord's* a bountiful gentle-

man: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd? Fly damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.
[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* LUCULLUS.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin by thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. *Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. *Stran.* But believe you this, my Lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

1. *Strang.* I tell you, denied, my Lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour show'd For my own part, I must needs confess, I receiv'd some small kindnesses from him, as ey, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing aring to his; yet, had he mistook him, and o me, I should ne'er have denied his occao many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his Honour, — My honour'd Lord, — [*To* LUCIUS.

Luc. Servilius! you are hindly met, Sir. Fare thee well: — Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my lord hath sent ——

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my Lord; requesting your Lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his Lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour? — Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say: — I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship; and I hope, his Ho-

nour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: — And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius. —

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

1. *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2. *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1. *Stran.* Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1. *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,

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Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity *made use* of me,

SCENE IV.

The same. A Hall in Timon's *House.*

Enter two servants of Varro, *and the servant of* Lucius, *meeting* Titus, Hortensius, *and other servants to* Timon's *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable

or, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him;
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now
return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my
coin. [*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your Lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realme on fire.
Of such a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his
house. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Hall in Timon's *House.*

Enter two servants of Varro, *and the se*
of Lucius, *meeting* Titus, Hortensius
other servants to Timon's *Creditors, w*
his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow
and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?
Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir
Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brothe
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on't; he was w
seven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days ar
with him
You must consider, that a prodig
Is like the sun's; but not, like

I fear,
'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event,
Your lord sents now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
nd now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
1. *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:
What's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
. *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
master's confidence was above mine;
surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

One of lord Timon's men.
Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: 'Pray, is
d ready to come forth?
No, indeed, he is not.
We attend his Lordship; 'pray, signify so

Flam. I need not tell him that; he kn
you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMIN

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward mu
so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, Sir?
1. *Var. Serv.* By your leave, Sir, —.
Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.
Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you
Your sums and bills, when your false master's
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile,
fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourse
but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not se
Flav. If 'twill not,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.
[*E*
1. *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashi
Worship mutter?
2. *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor,
that's revenge enough. Who can speak bro
than he that has no house to put his head in;
may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.
Ser. If I might beseech you, Gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.
Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.
Ser. Good gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, Sir.
Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help! — my lord! my lord! —

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?
Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My Lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here's mine.
Her. Serv. And mine, my Lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my Lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my Lord, ——

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. — What yours? — and yours?

1. *Var. Serv.* My Lord, —

2. *Var. Serv.* My Lord, —

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you! [*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves: Creditors! — devils.

Flav. My dear Lord, ——

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My Lord, ——

Tim. I'll have it so: — My steward!

Flav. Here, my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my Lord, You only speak from your distracted soul; There is not so much left, to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,

I char-

harge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

The same. The Senate-House.

Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

Sen. My Lord, you have my voice to't; the
fault's bloody;
cessary, he should die:
s emboldens sin so much as mercy.

n. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

. Honour, health, and compassion to the
senate!

n. Now, Captain?

I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
is the virtue of the law,
but tyrants use it cruelly.
time, and fortune, to lie heavy
iend of mine, who, in hot blood,
'd into the law, which is past depth
hat, without heed, do plunge into it.
an, setting his fate aside,
virtues:
soil the fact with cowardice;
in him, which buys out his fault,)
noble fury, and fair spirit,
eputation touch'd to death,
se his foe:
ch sober and unnoted passion
ve his anger, ere 'twas spent,
but *prov'd* an argument.

1. *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if th
hour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quar
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the worl
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and m
wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment,
lessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?
Alcib. My Lord, ——
1. *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My Lords, then, under favour
me,
If I speak like a captain. —
Why do fond men expose themselves to bat
And not endure all threatnings? sleep upon
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valia
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;

fence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
anger, is impiety;
'is man, that is not angry?
ut the crime with this.
n. You breathe in vain.
. In vain? his service done
daemon, and Byzantium,
sufficient briber for his life.
n. What's that?
. Why, I say, my Lords, h'as done fair service,
in in fight many of your enemies:
l of valour did he bear himself
st conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
n. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
orn rioter: ha's a sin that often
him, and takes his valour prisoner:
were no foes, that were enough alone
come him: in that beastly fury
been known to commit outrages;
rish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
s are foul, and his drink dangerous.
n. He dies.
. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
ds, if not for any parts in him,
n his right arm might purchase his own time,
in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
ny deserts to his, and join them both:
or I know, your reverend ages love
y, I'll pawn my victories, all
nour to you, upon his good returns.
his crime he owes the law his life,
et the war receiv't in valiant gore;
w is strict, and war is nothing more.

1. *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or br
He forfeits his own blood, that spills anoth
Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be Lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
2. *Sen.* How?
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
3. *Sen.* What?
Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace;
My wounds ake at you.
1. *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
1. *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not swell our spirits,
He shall be executed presently.
[*Exeunt* Sen
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts; — All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate

m. Let it not cumber your better remem-
e. — Come, bring in all together.
Lord. All cover'd dishes!
Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.
Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the
n can yield it.
Lord. How do you? What's the news?
Lord. Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?
2. *Lord.* Alcibiades banish'd!
Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.
Lord. How? how?
Lord. I pray you, upon what?
m. My worthy friends, will you draw near?
Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
feast toward.
Lord. This is the old man still.
Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?
Lord. It does: but time will — and so —
Lord. I do conceive.
m. Each man to his stool, with that spur as
ould to the lip of his mistress: your diet
be in all places alike. Make not a city feast
, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon
first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our
ks.

ou great benefactors, sprinkle our society
thankfulness. For your own gifts, make
selves praised: but reserve still to give,
your deities be despised. Lend to each
enough, that one need not lend to an-
; for, were your godheads to borrow of
, men would forsake the gods. Make the
t be beloved, more than the man that gives
Let no assembly of twenty be without a
e of villains: If there sit twelve women at

2. *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would h have borrow'd of you?

1. *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2. *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1. *Lord.* What of you?

3. *Lord.* He sent to me, Sir, — Here h comes.

Enter TIMON, *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, Gentlemen both: — And how fare you?

1. *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of you Lordship.

2. *Lord.* The swallow follows not summe more willing, than we your Lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves win ter; such summer-birds are men. — Gentlemen our dinner will not recompense this long stay feast your ears with the musick awhile; if the will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: w shall to't presently.

1. *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly wit your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty mes senger.

Tim. O, Sir, let it not trouble you.

2. *Lord.* My noble Lord, ——

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in*

2. *Lord.* My most honourable Lord, I am e sick of shame, that, when your Lordship th other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2. *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours be fore, —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. — Come, bring in all together.

2. *Lord.* All cover'd dishes!

1. *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1. *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3. *Lord.* Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

1. 2. *Lord,* Alcibiades banish'd!

3. *Lord.* 'Tis so; be sure of it.

1. *Lord.* How? how?

2. *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2. *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3. *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2. *Lord.* It does: but time will — and so ——

3. *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make ourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at

the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. — The rest of your fees, O gods, — the Senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, — what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, — as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuch and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces.

[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first, — thou too, — and thou; —

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. —
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, *with other* Lords *and* Senators.

1. *Lord.* How now, my Lords?

2. *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3. *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4. *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3. *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: — Did you see my jewel?

4. *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2. *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4. *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1. *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2. *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3. *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4. *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;

Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o'the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live! — Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)

The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in* Timon's *House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three* Servants.

1. *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1. *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
2. *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. — More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3. *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Exeunt* Servants.
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt?
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, — blest, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched; — thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat

...rous friends: nor has he with him to
...his life, or that which can command it.
...llow, and inquire him out:
...serve his mind with my best will;
I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit

SCENE III.

The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
...midity; below thy sister's orb
...air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb, —
creation, residence, and birth,
...lividant, — touch them with several fortunes;
scorns the lesser: Not nature,
...ll sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
...mps of nature.
...beggar, and denude that lord;
...hall bear contempt hereditary,
...ative honour.
...re lards the brother's sides,
makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
...anhood stand upright,
...man's a flatterer? if one be,
...; for every grize of fortune
that below: the learned pate
...lden fool: All is oblique;
level in our cursed natures,

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform
none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound
thee,
For thou'rt a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prospe-
rity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed
time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of
harlots.
Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom th
world
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Tymandra?
Tyman. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, th
use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lus
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheek
youth
To the dub-fast, and the diet.
Tyman. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Tymandra; for
wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and g
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou *pity* him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap, —

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,
By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.
Put up thy gold; Go on, — here's gold, — go on;
Be a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one;
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron?
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the *leaf of* pity writ,

Set them down horribly traitors. Space intitled
babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
mercy;
Think, his a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids nor
babes,
A pox of wrinkles!
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy sol-
diers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.
Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold
thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.
Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's
curse upon thee!
Phr. and Tym. Give us some gold, good Ti-
mon.
Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her
trade,
And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you
sluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods, that hear you, spare your
oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead; — some that were hang'd,
No matter: — wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phi. and Tim. Well, more gold; — What then? —
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of men; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. — There's more gold: —
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Tim. More counsel, with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon;

If I thrife well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. —
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TYMANDRA.

Tim. That nature being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! — Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented! — O, a root, — Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should'd have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st,
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,

And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, candle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures; —
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature, — bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find. ——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's. Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again, Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before: The one is filling still, never complete; The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless, Hath a distracted and most wretched being, Worse than the worst, content. Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

self
eral riot; melted down thy youth
rent beds of lust; and never learn'd
y precepts of respect, but follow'd
gar'd game before thee. But myself,
ad the world as my confectionary;
onths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of
men
y, more than I could frame employment;
umberless upon me stuck, as leaves
the oak, have with one winter's brush
om their boughs, and left me open, bare
ery storm that blows; — I, to bear this,
ever knew but better, is some burden:
ture did commence in sufferance, time
nade thee hard in't. Why should'st thou
hate men?
never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
wilt curse, — thy father, that poor rag,
e thy subject; who in spite, put stuff
ne she beggar, and compounded thee
ogue hereditary. Hence! be gone! —
hadst not been born the worst of men,
hadst been a knave, and flatterer.
m. Art thou proud yet?
Ay, that I am not thee.
m. I, that I was
odigal
I, that I am one now:
ll the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
e thee leave *to hang it.* Get thee gone. —

That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence.

What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.
I'll beat thee, — but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! Thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so; —

But not till I am dead! — I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou will be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. *Live, and love thy misery!*

Tim. Long live so, and so die! — I am quit. —
[*Exit* APEMANTUS.
More things like men? — Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1. *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3. *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2. *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2. *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3. *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1. *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*

3. *Thief.* He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1. *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2. *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1. *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and falling? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest
Master!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away, what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all
men;
Then, if thou grant'st thourt man, I have forgot
thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then
I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undoue lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?— Come nearer;
—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my
Lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face. — Surely, this man was born of wo-
man. —
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man, — mistake me not, — but one;
No more, I pray, — and he is a steward. —
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy Master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! — Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: — the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,

Debts

Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt blest'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. Before Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter; Timon *behind, unseen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and *is* very likely to load our

purposes with what they travel for, if it be a ju
and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present un
him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitatio
only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of
intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the va
at the time: it opens the eyes of expectatio
performance is ever the duller for his act; an
but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, t
deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise
most courtly and fashionable: performance is
kind of will, or testament, which argues a gre
sickness in the judgement that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not pai
a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I ha
provided for him: it must be a personating y
himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity
with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that fo
low youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain
thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine ow
faults in other men? Do so, I have gold f
thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd nig
Find that thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
where swine feed!
hon that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
st admired reverence in a slave.
ee be worship! and thy saints for age
own'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
do meet them. [*Advancing.*
t. Hail, worthy Timon!
n. Our late noble master.
h. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?
f. Sir,
g often of your open bounty tasted,
ng you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
e thankless natures — O abhorred spirits!
ll the whips of heaven are large enough —
! to you?
e star-like nobleness gave life and influence
their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
any size of words.
v. Let it go naked, men may see't the better!
that are honest, by beind what you are,
them best seen, and known.
n. He, and myself,
travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
weetly felt it.
v. Ay, you are honest men.
n. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men: Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;
I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble Lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men: — Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. Even so, Sir, as I say: — And, for thy fiction,
To the Poet.
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither will I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.
Pain. I know none such, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near him. — If thou would'st not reside
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon. —
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that: —
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter FLAVIUS, *and two* Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
Possess it so only to himself,
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: Two [illegible]
That fram'd him thus: [illegible]
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! — Speak and be hang'd!

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1. *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1. *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the publick body, — which doth seldom
Play the recanter, — feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: — so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2. *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, Timon, —

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir;
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know, — and tell him, Timon
speaks it
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that — I care no
And let him take't at worst; for their knives cannot,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave yo

To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1. *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1. *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men,—

1. *Sen.* These words become your lips as they
pass through them.

2. *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2. *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grow's here in my close,—

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself: — I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.

1. *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2. *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1. *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1. *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2. *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators *from* Timon.

1. *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3. *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the *air with* dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the
Who's here? speak, ho! — No answer? —
is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a
Dead, sure; and this his grave. —
What's on this Tomb I cannot read; the cha
I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, a Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lasci
sawls
Our terrible approach. *A parley sou*

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd
time,

With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2. *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1. *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: not are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2. *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble Lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,

(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tender
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1. *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2. *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1. *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2. *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
Fall, and no more: and — to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, — not a man

Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble General, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:*
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more. — Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech. —
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

CORIO-

CORIOLANUS.

IS REPRESENTED.

oriolanus, *a noble* Roman.

Generals against the Volscians.

pa, *friend to* Coriolanus.

Tribunes of the People.

Son to Coriolanus.

ald.

General of the Volscians.

Aufidius.

with Aufidius.

Antium.

Guards.

Mother to Coriolanus.

ife to Coriolanus.

iend to Virgilia.

an, attending Virgilia.

id, Volscian, Senators, Patricians,
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers,
Servants to Aufidius, *and other*
Attendants.

partly in Rome, *and partly in the*
tories of the Volscians *and* Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak.

[*Several speaking at once.*

1. *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2. *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on,

would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. — Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1. *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2. *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2. *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1. *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1. *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too,

Men. Why, Masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1. *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

1. *Cit.* Care for us! — True, indeed! — They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't a little more.

1. *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, Sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it: —
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the mid'st o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered, —

1. *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. — With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,

(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1. *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other munitments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they —

Men. What then? —
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! — what then? what then?

1. *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body, —

Men. Well, what then?

1. *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you; —
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1. *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even to the court, the heart, — to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me, —

1. *Cit.* Ay, Sir; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1. *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members. For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. — What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly? —

1. *Cit.* I the great toe? why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost;
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage. —
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

The one side must have bale. — Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks. — What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1. *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. — What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? — What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who drives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry,
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs; —
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: — With these shreds

They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.
Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 's death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: What's the matter?
Mes. The news is, Sir, the Volces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity: — See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other* Senators; Junius Brutus, *and* Sicinius Velutus.

1. *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;

The Volces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Anfidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1. *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. — Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1. *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on: —
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Lartius!
1. *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.
[*To the* Citizens.
Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners: — Worshipful mutineers,

Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt* Senators', Com. Mar. Tit. *and* Menen. *Citizens steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people, —

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims, —
In whom already he is well grac'd, — cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he
Had borne the business!*

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and certain* Senators.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*reads.*
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius *your old enemy,*
(*Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,*)
And Titus Lartius, *a most valiant Roman,*
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1. *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching.
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many tow'ns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2. *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your Honours safe!

1. *Sen.* Farewell.

2. *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Marcius' *house.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yo self in a more comfortable sort: If my son w my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that abse wherein he won honour, than in the embra ments of his bed, where he would show n love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and only son of my womb; when youth with com ness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day Kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him hour from her beholding; I, — considering h honour would become such a person; that it w no better than picture-like to hang by the wall renown made it not stir, — was pleased to, him seek danger where he was like to find fa To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he turn'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell th daughter, — I sprang not more in joy at first he ing he was a man-child, than now in first see he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Mada how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have b my son; I therein would have found issue. H me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons, — e in my love alike, and none less dear than th and my good Marcius, — I had rather had e ven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

En

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending. — Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her Usher.*

Val. My Ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam, —

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. — How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your Ladyship; well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O, my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O, my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in

Vir. I will with her speedy strength, and visi
her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.
Vol. Why, I pray you?
Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want
love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they
lay, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses absence, did
but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would,
your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that
you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you
shall go with us.
Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed, I
will not forth.
Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you
excellent news of your husband.
Vir. O, good Madam, there can be none yet.
Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came
ews from him last night.
Vir. Indeed, Madam?
Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator
ak it. Thus it is: — The Volces have an army
th; against whom Cominius the general is gone,
one part of our Roman power: your lord,
Titus Lartius, are set down before their city
oli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to
e it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour;
o, I pray, go with us.
r. Give me excuse, good Madam; I will
you in every thing hereafter.
. Let her alone Lady; as she is now, she
nt disease our better mirth.
In troth, I think, she would: — Fare you
n. — Come, good sweet Lady. — Pr'y-
'irgilia, turn thy solemness out o'door,
along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, *Officers, and Soldiers. To them a* Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: — A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years. — Summon the down.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work:
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! — Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter on the walls, some Senators *and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1. *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Alarums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes:
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[*Other Alarums.*
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. — Ladders, ho!

[*The* Volces *enter and pass over the Stage.*

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans *and* Volces, *fighting. The* Romans *are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter* MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er: that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile? You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volces *retire into* Corioli, *and* MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: — Now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*

1. *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

Sol. Nor I.
Sol. See, they
shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*
l. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

rt. What is become of Marcius?
l. Slain, Sir, doubtless.
Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
d-to their gates; he is himself alone,
nswer all the city.
rt. O noble fellow!
sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
when it bows, stands up! Thou art left,
Marcius:
huncle entire, as big as thou art,
not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
feverous, and did tremble.

nter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

Sol. Look, Sir.
rt. 'Tis Marcius:
fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V.

Within the town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, *with spoils.*

1. *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
2. *Rom.* And I this.
3. *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: — Down with them. —
And hark, what noise the general makes! — To him: —
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:

My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold Gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! —

[*Exit* MARCIUS.

Go, sound thy trumpet in the marked-place;
Call thither all the officers of the down,
Where they shall know our mind: Away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS *and forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, Sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles me have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends: — The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice! — Thy news?
Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speak'st truth.
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mes. Above an hour, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?
Mes. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O! let me clip ye

In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague! — Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think —
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their *best trust*: o'er them Aufidius,

Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing: — If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand.*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O me alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows,
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon* Corioli, *going with a drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Caius Marcius, *enters with a lieutenant, a party of soldiers and a scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman *and* Volcian *Camps.*

Alarum. *Enter* MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here. —

[*They fight, and certain* Volces *come to the aid of* Aufidius.

Officious, and not valiant — you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* Marcius.

SCENE IX.

The Roman *Camp.*

A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. En-
t one side, COMINIUS, *and* Romans; *at*
ther side, MARCIUS, *with his arm in a*
, and other Romans.

If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
ot believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
nators shall mingle tears with smiles;
at patricians shall attend, and shrug,
admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
lly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
h the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
against their hearts — *We thank the gods,*
hath such a soldier! —
ou to a morsel of this feast,
din'd before.

LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

eneral,
ed, we the caparison:
eld —
ow, no more: my mother,
ter to extol her blood,
praise me, grieves me. I have done,

As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech
you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all th
horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store
of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword; I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Mar
Marcius! *cast up their caps and la*
Cominius *and* Lartius, *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, — which, without note,
Here's many else have done, — you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly; by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. — Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound*, and drums.

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: Howbeit, I thank you: —
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. — You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my Lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours. — What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot: —
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd. —
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *bloody, with two or three soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1. *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition? —
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am. — Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. — By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1. *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements of all fury, shall lift up
Their *rotten privilege* and custom 'gainst

My hate to Martius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1. *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you.
('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1. *Sol.* I shall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Martius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Martius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a

lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interiour survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) *as any in Rome.*

Sic. Menenius, you are known well en too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patri and one that loves a cup of hot wine with n drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be some imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; h and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one converses more with the buttock of the night, with the forehead of the morning. What I u I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: I ing two such weals-men as you are, (I c call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked at it. I cannot say, your Worships have deli the matter well, when I find the ass in compa with the major part of your syllables: and th I must be content to bear with those that say are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, tell, you have good faces. If you see this i map of my microcosm, follows it, that h known well enough too? What harm can bisson conspectuities glean out of this chara if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you, enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, any thing. You are ambitious for poor ku caps and legs; you wear out a good whole forenoon, in hearing a cause between an ora wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the troversy of three-pence to a second day of dience. — When you are hearing a matter tween party and party, if you chance to be pi with the cholick, you make faces like mumm set up the bloody flag against all patience and *roaring for* a chamberpot, dismiss the contro

Bleeding; the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your Worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *retire.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble Ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

a letter from him; the state
fe another; and, I think, the-
r you.
e my very house reel to night
?
in, there's a letter for you;
for me? It gives me an estate
h; in which time, I will mak
ian: the most sovereign presc
is but empirientick, and, to
no better report than a horse-dr
nded? he was wont to come
, no, no.
is wounded, I thank the god
lo I too, if it be not too mu
ctory in his pocket? — The
a.
s brows, Menenius: he comes
with the oaken garland.
as he disciplined Aufidius soun
itus Lartius writes, — they fo
Aufidius got off.
And 'twas time for him too, I
t: an he had staid by him, I
en so fidius'd for all the chest
e gold that's in them. Is the
of this?
. Good Ladies, let's go: — Y
enate has letters from the gene
my son the whole name of th
is action outdone his former
al. In troth, there's wondro
him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True, pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true: — Where is he wounded? — God save your good Worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud. — Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh, — there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout, and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and soldiers, and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,

With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus: —
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
[*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother, —

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife —

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? — O my sweet Lady, pardon. [*To Valeria.*

Vol. I know not where to turn: — O welcome home;
And welcome General; — And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes! I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee! — You are three.

That Rome should dote on: yet by the faith
men,
We have some old crab trees here at home, th
will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome, war
riors;
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your hand, and yours:
[*To his wife and mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol.
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes come forward.*
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,

Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows;
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertyd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blowes
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
Be put upon't; and that's as easy,
To set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their ges-
ves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchi
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and
shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeu*

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost the
How many stand for consulships?

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of ev
one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's ve
geance proud, and loves not the common peop

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great m
that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lo

them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which de dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

Off. No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS *the Consul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other Senators,* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1. *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;

I would

I would you rather had been silent; Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow. —
Worthy Cominius, speak. — Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*

1. *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your Honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.
Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[*Exit* CORIOLANUS.

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it? — Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. — It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:

When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1. *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1. *Sen.* Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't: —
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, — Thus I did, and thus; —
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only: —

Men. Do not stand upon't. —
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; — and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Then Exeunt Senators.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3. *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood about the corn, he himself stuck not to call — the many-headed multitude.

3. *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2. *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3. *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a

ock-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, ire, southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2. *Cit.* You are never without your tricks; — You may, you may.

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt*

Men. O Sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say? —
I pray, Sir, — Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace: — Look, Sir; — wounds; —
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ra
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtue
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Ex.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, Sir, of my standing here.

1. *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2. *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1. *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir:
'Twas never my desire yet, to trouble
The poor with begging.

1. *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1. *Cit.* The price is, Sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,

Which shall be yours in private. — Your good voice, Sir;
What say you?

2. *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir: —
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd: —
I have your alms; adieu.

1. *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2. *Cit.* An 'twere to give again, — But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt two* Citizens.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

1. *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

1. *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, Sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2. *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, Sir, heartily. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices! —
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't: —
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer. — Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. — I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices, —
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

1. *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods

give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. —
God save thee, noble Consul!

[*Exeunt* Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. — Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL. *and* MENEN.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my Masters? have you chose this man?

1. *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2. *Cit.* Amen, Sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3. *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*

3. *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom,*
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices, therefore: When we granted that,
Here was, — *I thank you for your voices, — thank you, —*
Your most sweet voices: — now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you: — Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, — When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
At place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow

Your su'd-for tongues?

3. *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends, —
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And on a safer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was King:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all [*several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in a rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:

Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

Cornets. *Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my Lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.
Com. They are worn, Lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my Lord.
Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. — Welcome home.
[*To* Lartius.

Enter SICINIUS; *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
1. *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd? —

Must

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? — What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility: —
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot;
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By you clouds.
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd: — Set on, — This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again; —
Men. Not now, not now.
1. *Sen.* Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will. — My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1. *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those measels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

ere well,
people know't.
hat, what? his choler?
bler!
patient as the midnight sleep,
would be my mind.
a mind,
remain a poison where it is,
any further.
ll remain! —
nis Triton of the minnow's? mark you
e *shall*?
was from the canon.
ll!
it most unwise patricians, why,
, but reckless senators, have you
thus
ra here to choose an officer,
his peremptory *shall*, being but
and noise o'the monsters, wants not
spirit
'll turn your current in a ditch,
your channel his? If he have power,
your ignorance: if none, awake
rous lenity. If you are learned,
ommon fools; if you are not,
have cushions by you. You are ple-
beians,
senators: and they are no less,
h your voices blended, the greatest taste
es theirs. They choose their magis-
trate;
a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
r *shall*, against a graver bench
frow'nd in Greece! By Jove him-
self,

It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gab of both, and take
The one by t'other.

Com. Well, — on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece, —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power,)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis! being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: — *We did request it;*

We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands. — Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The lock's o'the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles. —
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! — This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, — it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you, —
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physick
That sure of death without it, — at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;

Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.
Bru. He hath said enough.
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee! —
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law:
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.
Bru. Manifest treason.
Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The aediles, ho! — Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit* BRUTUS.] in whose name, myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged Sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, *with the Aediles, and a rabble of Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would.
Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Aediles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
[*Several speak.*
2. *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about* Coriolanus.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens! — what ho! —
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak: You, tribunes
To the people, — Coriolanus, patience; —
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people; — Peace.
Cit. Let's hear our tribune: — Peace. Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1. *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In *heaps and piles of* ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it: — We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Aediles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Aedi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent: — Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword; — Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Aediles, *and the people, are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!

All will be naught else.

2. *Sen.* Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1. *Sen.* The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,

You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol, —

Men. Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;

One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;

And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands,

Against a falling fabrick. — Will you hence,

Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear

What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be
patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and Others.*
1. *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must
vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.
[*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!
2. *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber! —— What,
the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

Sic. Where is the viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes, —
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the publick power,
Which he so sets a nought.

1. *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hand.
Cit. He shall, sure on't.
[*Several speak together.*
Men. Sir, —
Sic. Peace.
Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes't, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak: —
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his fault's: —
Sic. Consul! — what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul!
Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our aediles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd

In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1. Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer: —
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place: — We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you: —
Let me desire your company. [*to the* Senators.]
He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1. *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1. *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [*To* VOLUMNIA.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.

1. *Sen.* There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them? — I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war: since that to both
It stands *in like request*?

Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood. —
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble Lady! —
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,

Now

Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'st rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a Bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, Sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will: —
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,

This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it,
And throw it against the wind. — To the m
ket-place: —
You have put me now to such a part, which n
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou
said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do't
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice then;
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
me;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves;
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly: — Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed. —

Enter an Aedile.

What, will he come?
Aed. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Aed. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Aed. I have; 'tis ready, here.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Aed. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then
If I say, fine, cry *fine;* if death, cry *death;*
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.
Aed. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Aed. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to giv't them.
Bru. Go about it. — [*Exit* Aedile.
Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot

Be rein'd again to temperance: then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. — The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
1. *Sen.* Amen, amen!
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Aedile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Aed. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say. — Peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer *lawful censure* for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content,
Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyards
Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier; Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! — Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?
Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace.
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome, —
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you, —
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be.

Com. Hear me, my Masters, and my common friends—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that.

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the death carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Aed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite:
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come: —
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! — Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: — the beast

With many heads butts me away. — Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortunes blows
When most struck home, being gentle wounded craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman, —
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. — Cominius,
Droop not; adieu: — Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. — My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them. — My mother, you well,
My hazards still have been your solace; and

Believ't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee; so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of thee needer.

Cor. Fare ye well: —
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate. —
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. — Come, let's not weep. —
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Ex*

SCENE II.

The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an Aedile*

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and
no further.
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have
In his behalf.
Bru. How we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ae*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIU

Here comes his mother.
Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say, she's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.
Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded pl
o'the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you sh
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some. — Will you be gone? [*to* Brutus.

Vir. You shall stay too: [*to* Sicin.] I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame? — Note but this fool. —
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. — I'll tell thee what; — Yet go: —
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: — I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all. —
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do ye see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you. —
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome *and* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.
Vol. *It is so*, Sir; truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars; his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have end-

ed my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium. *Before* Aufidius's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, disguised, and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter

Enter a Citizen.

ı ; any battle slay me. Save you, Sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
t his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir; fa- -ell. [*Exit* Citizen.
, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
re still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
nseparable, shall within this hour,
n a dissention of a doit, break out
o bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
o take the one the other, by some chance,
ome trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
nd interjoin their issues. So with me: —
y birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
his enemy town. — I'll enter: if he slay me,
e does fair justice; if he give me way,
ll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's *House.*

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1. *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1. *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2. *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2. *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2. *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. *The first meets him.*

3. *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1. *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3. *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3. *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3. *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3. *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go.
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3. *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2. *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3. *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3. *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3. *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3. *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows? — What an ass it is! — Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3. *Serv.* How, Sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service, than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and the second* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2. *Serv.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants *retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not: — Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns *of blood* out of thy country's breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.
Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius. — O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,

a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
take our friendly senators by the hands;
now are here, taking their leaves of me,
ran prepar'd against your territories,
gh not for Rome itself.
r. You bless me, Gods!
fa. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
leading of thine own revenges, take
one half of my commission; and set down, —
st thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
country's strength and weakness, — thine own ways:
her to knock against the gates of Rome,
ndely visit them in parts remote,
ight them, ere destroy. But come in:
me commend thee first to those, that shall
yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Serv. [*advancing.*] Here's a strange altera-

Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
ken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
me, his clothes made a false report of him.

Serv. What an arm he has! He turn'd me
t with his finger and his thumb, as one would
p a top.

Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was
thing in him: He had, Sir, a kind of face,
ought, — I cannot tell how to term it.

Serv. He had so; looking, as it were, —
uld I were hang'd, but I thought there was
e in *him* than I could think.

2. *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn; He is sir the rarest man i' the world.

1. *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater so than he, you wot one,

2. *Serv.* Who? my master?

1. *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that,

2. *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1. *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take to be the greater soldier.

2. *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell to say that: for the defence of a town, our ge is excellent.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3. *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; n you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partal

3. *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all tions; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3. *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to th our general, Cains Marcius.

1. *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our gen

3. *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; he was always good enough for him,

2. *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and fri he was ever too hard for him; I have heard say so himself.

1. *Serv.* He was too hard for him direct say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *Serv.* An he had been cannibally give might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1. *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3. *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2. *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3. *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, Sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, Sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1. *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3. *Serv.* But when they shall see, Sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1. *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3. *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust *Jrop, increase* tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1. *Serv.* Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, wa

ing, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2. Serv. 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3. Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him.
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that we world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, Sir, is not much miss'd
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely ti
Than when these fellows ran about the street
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all t
ing,
Self-loving, ——

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lament
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it,
Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Aedile.

Aed. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in pris
Reports, — the Volces with two several po
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrust's forth his horns again into the world
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood fo
me,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. — It
not be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: — his raising!
Nothing but his report!
Mess. Yes, worthy Sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news? —
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If,
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,

Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds for his best friends, if
They
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.* — You have made
You, and your apron-men, you have created fair hands,

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: — Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a trop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters. —
And is Aufidius with him? — You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will be tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
Cit. 'Faith, we hear faithful news.
1. *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.
2. *Cit.* And so did I.
3. *Cit.* And so did I: and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and though we willingly consented to *his banishment*, yet it was against our will.

Com.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! — Shall us to the Capitol?
Com. O, ay; what else?
[*Exeunt* COM. *and* MEN.
Sic. Go, Masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.
1. *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, Masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him.
2. *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt* Citizens.
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol: — 'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,

Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths, do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!
Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.
Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not meddle.
Sic. I pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then? —
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success.
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise;* dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions;
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An advanced post of the Volcian *Camp before* Rome. *The Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1. *G.* Stay; Whence are you?
2. *G.* Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1. *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome?

1. *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2. *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1. *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verify'd my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1. *G.* 'Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is

Menenius; always factionary on the party of your general.

2. *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1. *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1. *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2. *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1. *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood; — back, — that's the utmost of your having: — back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow, —

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand

for you; you shall know now, that I am in est[i]
mation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardan
cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess,
but by my entertainment with him, if thou
stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some
death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in
suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for
what's to come upon thee. —— The glorious gods
sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity,
and love thee no worse than thy old father Me-
nenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art pre-
paring fire for us; look thee, here's water to
quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee:
but being assured, none but myself could move
thee, I have been blown out of your gates with
sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy
petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage
thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this var-
let here; this, who, like a block, hath denied
my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My
affairs
re servanted to others: Though I owe
y revenge properly, my remission lies
Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
rate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
in pity note how much. —— Therefore, be
gone.
e ears against your suits are stronger, than
r gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd
thee,
this alone; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a letter.

And would have sent it. Another v
nedius,
I will not hear thee speak. — This
fidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou b
Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and*

1. *G.* Now, Sir, is your name Men
2. *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of mt
You know the way home again.
1. *G.* Do you hear how we are shen
ing your greatness back?
2. *G.* What cause, do you think,
swoon?
Men. I neither care for the world,
general: for such things as you, I can s
there's any, you are so slight. He that
to die by himself, fears it not from an
your general do his worst. For you, b
are, long; and your misery increase with
I say to you, as I was said to, Away!
1. *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him
2. *G.* The worthy fellow is our gene
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shake

SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and*

Cor. We will before the walls of
morrow
Set down our host. —— My partne
action,

You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too; Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not. —

Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* Marcius, VALERIA, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. —
What *is that curt'sy* worth? or those doves eyes,

Which can make gods forsworn? — I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. — My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.* —— Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.* —— O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. —— You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*kneels.*

Cor. What is this?

ur knees to me? to your corrected son?
en let the pebbles on the hungry beach
llip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
ike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
ard'ring impossibility, to make
hat cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
ope to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
e moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
at's curded by the frost from purest snow,
d hang's on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
hich by the interpretation of full time
y show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
th the consent of supreme Jove, inform
y thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
shame unvulnerable, and stick i'the wars
te a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
d saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
r suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
, if you'd ask, remember this before;
e things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
held by you denials. Do not bid me
miss my soldiers, or capitulate
ain with Rome's mechanicks: — Tell me not
herein I seem unnatural: Desire not
allay my rages and revenges, with
ur colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said; you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. —— Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear, and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou

, as a foreign recreant, be led
manacles thorough our streets; or else
mphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
bear the palm, for having bravely shed
wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
pose not to wait on fortune, till
e wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
r to show a noble grace to both parts,
seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
h to assault thy country, than to tread
st to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's
womb,
brought thee to this world.
rg. Ay, and on mine,
brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name
g to time.
y. He shall not tread on me;
nn away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.
r. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
ires nor child nor woman's face to see.
e sat too long. [*rising.*
l. Nay, go not from us thus.
were so, that our request did tend
ve the Romans, thereby to destroy
Volces whom you serve, you might condemn
us,
honous of your honour: No; our suit
hat you reconcile them: while the Volces
ay, *This mercy we have show'd;* the Romans,
we receiv'd; and each in either side
thee all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blessed*
making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
nd of war's uncertain; but this certain,

That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ, — *The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? — Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. —— Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. — There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my requests's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs. —— He turns away:

Down, Ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
This is the last; — So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. —— Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast do deny't. —— Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance: — Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!
[*Holding* Volumnia *by the hands, silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come: —
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, Sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good Sir,

'hat peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
ll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray
you,
and to me in this cause. —— O mother! wife!
Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and
thy honour
t difference in thee; out of that I'll work
yself a former fortune. [*Aside.*
[*The ladies make signs to* Coriolanus.
Cor. Ay, by and by;
[*To* Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.
ut we will drink together; and you shall bear
better witness back than words, which we,
n like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
ome, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
'o have a temple built you: all the swords
1 Italy, and her confederate arms,
ould not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond'
ruer-stone?
Cic. Why, what of that?
Men. If it be possible for you to displace it
ith your little finger, there is some hope in't; our
oats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

t possible, that so short a time can alter
lon of a man?

here is differency between a grub, and a
yet your butterfly was a grub. This Mar-
wn from man to dragon: he has wings;
than a creeping thing.

lov'd his mother dearly.

o did he me: and he no more remem-
nother now, than an eight year old horse.
ne of his face sours ripe grapes. When
, he moves like an engine, and the
ringks before his treading. He is able
corslet with his eye; talks like a knell,
im is a battery. He sits in his state, as
ade for Alexander. What he bids be
nished with his bidding. He wants no-
a god, but eternity, and a heaven to

s, mercy, if you report him truly.

paint him in the character. Mark what
mother shall bring from him: There
e mercy in him, than there is milk in a
; that shall our poor city find: and all
g of you.

e gods be good unto us!

io, in such a case the gods will not be
us. When we banish'd him, we respect-
em: and, he returning to break our
y respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

ir, if you'd save your life, fly to your
house:

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribunes,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news; — The la
have prevail'd,
The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain, this is true? is it most certain

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt o
Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tid
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, I
you;
[*Trumpets and hautboys sound*
and drums beaten, all toget
Shouting also within.
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Roma
Make the sun dance. Hark you!
[*Shouting ag*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well
day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throa

I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and musick.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mes. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.

1. *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, — Welcome, Ladies, welcome! —

All. Welcome, Ladies!
Welcome!
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antium. *A publick Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' *faction.*

Most welcome!

1. *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2. *Con.* Most noble Sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3. *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so height-
en'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping, —

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp'd to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did, my Lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory, —

Auf. There was it;
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,

And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

1. *Con.* Your native town you entered like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2. *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1. *Lord.* And grive to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. *He approaches, you shall hear him.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drums and colours, a crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, Lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

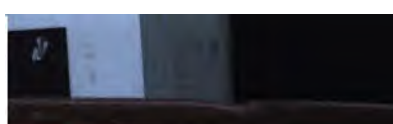
Auf. Read it not, noble Lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! — How now? —

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli? —
You Lords and Heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,



That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears, —

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave! —
Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgements, my grave Lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must bear
My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1. *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. — Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it. — Boy!

Auf. Why, noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-gart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*several speak at once.*

Cit. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He kill'd my son; — my daughter; — He kill'd my cousin Marcus; — He kill'd my father. —

2. *Lord.* Peace; ho; — no outrage; — peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offence to us

Shall have judicious hearing. — Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
[AUFIDIUS *and the Conspirators draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls, and* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My noble Masters, hear me speak.
1. *Lord.* O Tullus, —
2. *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
3. *Lord.* Tread not upon him. — Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.
Auf. My Lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
1. *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
2. *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow: — Take him up: —
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. — Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory. —
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Coriolanus. *A dead march sounded.*

A

SELECTION

OF THE

MOST IMPORTANT NOTES

EXTRACTED

FROM

THE BEST COMMENTATORS

TO THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME XIV.

NOTES TO

TIMON OF ATHENS.

*** The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

„Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens.*"

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like* artichokes, and al-

terwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who, (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *personae dramatis*, are as follows:

"The actors names.

"Timon.
"Laches, his faithful servant.
"Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.
"Gelasimus, a cittie heyre.
"Pseudocheus, a lying travailer.
"Demeas, an orator.
"Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man.
"Hermogenes, a fidler.
"Abyssus, a usurer.
"Lollio, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.
"Stilpo, } Two lying philosophers.
"Speusippus, }
"Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus.
"Obba, Tymon's butler.
"Poedio, Gelasimus page.
"Two serjeants.
"A sailor.
"Callimela, Philargurus daughter.
"Blatte, her prattling nurse.
"SCENE, Athens." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare undoubtedly formed this play on the passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to *Timon*, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the first

first volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; because he is there merely described as "a man-hater, of a strange and beastly nature," without any cause assigned; whereas Plutarch furnished our author with the following hint to work upon. "Antonius forsook the citie, and companie of his friendes, — saying, that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and *for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man.*"

To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.

Spon says, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower.*

Timon of Athens was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays.* MALONE.

Page 2, line 22. * *Phrynia,*] (or, as this name should have been written by Shakspeare, *Phryne,*) was an Athenian courtezan so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom (which, as we learn from Quintilian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,)

disarmed the court of its severity, and secured her life from the sentence of the law. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 7. 8. *Poet.* Good day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.] It would be less abrupt to begin the play thus:

Poet. Good day.

Pain. Good day, Sir: *I am glad you're well.* FARMER.

The present deficiency in the metre also pleads strongly in behalf of the supplemental words proposed by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 12–15. Poet. *Ay, that's well known;*
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which *manifold record not matches? See,*
Magick of bounty! &c.] I cannot but think that this passage is at present in confusion. The poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer, nor has his question any apparent drift or consequence. I would range the passage thus:

Poet. *Ay, that's well known.*
But what particular rarity? what so strange,
That *manifold record not matches?*
Pain. *See!*
Poet. *Magick of bounty!* &c.

It may not be improperly observed here, that as there is only one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more liberty must be allowed to conjecture. JOHNSON.

Johnson supposes that there is some error in this passage, because the Poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer; and therefore suggests a new arrangement of it. But there is nothing more common in real life than questions asked in that manner. And with respect to his proposed arrangement, I can by no means approve of it, for as

the Poet and the Painter are going to pay their court to Timon, it would be strange if the latter should point out to the former, as *a particular rarity, which manifold record* could not match, a merchant and a jeweller, who came there on the same errand. M. MASON.

The poet is led *by what the painter has said*, to ask whether any thing very strange and unparalleled had lately happened, without any expectation that any such had happened; — and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend. "See, Magick of bounty!" &c. This surely is very natural. MALONE.

P. 5, l. 20. *Breathed* is *inured by constant practice;* so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON.

P. 3, last line. *He passes.*] i. e. exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. STEEVENS.

P. 4, l. 4. If he will *touch the estimate:*] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

P. 4, l. 6–9. Poet. *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,* &c.] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

P. 4, l. 17. Our poesy is as a *gum*, which *oozes*] The folio copy reads — which *uses*. The modern editors have given it — which *issues*. JOHNSON.

Gum and *issues* were inserted by Mr. Pope; *oozes* by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

The two oldest copies read:

Our poesie is as a gowne *which* uses.

STEEVENS.

P. 4, l. 19–21. — *our gentle flame*
Provokes itself, and, like the curr
flies
Each bound it chafes.] Thus the folio
and rightly. In later editions — *chases.*

WARBURT

This speech of the poet is very obscure. It seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next is that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes.* This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are to ill-sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation; and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgement. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touch'd on one subject, it flies off in quest of another.* The old copy seems to read:

Each bound it chases.

The letters *f* and *ſ* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chases* be the true reading, it is best explained by the "——*se sequiturque fugitque*—" of the Roman poet. STEEVENS.

The obscurity of this passage arises merely from

e mistake of the editors, who have joined in ne, what was intended by Shakspeare as two dis-nct sentences. — It should be pointed thus, and en the sense will be evident:

——— *our gentle flame,*
Provokes itself, and like the current flies; —
Each bound it chafes:

ur gentle flame animates itself; it flies like a rrent; and every obstacle serves but to increase s force. M. MASON.

This jumble of incongruous images, seems to ve been designed, and put into the mouth of e Poetaster, that the reader might appreciate his lents: his language therefore should not be con-dered in the abstract. HENLEY.

P. 4, l. 24. *Upon the heels of my present-ment,*] As soon as my ook has been presented to Lord Timon.

JOHNSON.

The patrons of Shakspeare's age do not appear have been all *Timons*.

"I did determine not to have dedicated my play any body, because *forty shillings* I care not r, and above, few or none will bestow on these atters." Preface to *A Woman is a Weather-ck*, by N. Field, 1612. STEEVENS.

It should however be remembered, that forty illings at that time were equal to at least six, rhaps eight, pounds at this day. MALONE.

P. 4, l. 27. — *this comes off well and excel-lent.*] The meaning is, e figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien levé.* JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do

not exactly know. It occurs again in *The Widow* by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton:

"It *comes off* very fair yet." STEEVENS.

P. 4, l. 29. 30. — *How this grace*
Speaks his own standing!] This relates t the attitude of the figure, and means that it stand judiciously on its own centre. And not only s but that it has a graceful standing likewise. O which the poet in *Hamlet*, speaking of anothe picture, says:

"A *station* like the herald, Mercury,
"New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." WARBURTO

This sentence seems to me obscure, and, how ever explained, not very forcible. *This grac speaks his own standing*, is only, *The grace fulness of this figure shows how it stands.* am inclined to think something corrupted. I would be more natural and clear thus:

——— *How this* standing
Speaks his own graces! ——
How this posture displays its own *gracefulness.* But I will indulge conjecture further, and propos to read:

——— *How this grace,*
Speaks understanding! *what a mental pow*
This eye shoots forth! JOHNSON.

The passage, to my apprehension at least, *speak its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands fir on its center, or gives evidence in favour of i own fixture. *Grace* is introduced as bearing wi ness to *propriety*. STEEVENS.

P. 4, l. 52. 53. — *to the dumbness of th gesture*
One might interpret.] The figure, thoug

dumb, seems to have a capacity of speech. The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions as they were termed in our author's time. The person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. MALONE.

Rather — one might venture to supply words to such intelligible action. Such significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 1. 2. — *artificial* strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.]

Strife for action or motion. WARBURTON.

Strife is either the contest of art with nature:

Hic ille est Raphael, *timuit, quo sospite vinci*
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori:

or it is the contrast of forms or opposition of colours. JOHNSON.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne:

"Faithorne, with nature at a noble *strife*,
"Hath paid the author a great share of life."

&c. STEEVENS.

And Ben Jonson, on the head of Shakspeare by Droeshout:

"This figure which thou here seest put,
"It was for gentle Shakspeare cut:
"Wherein the *graver* had a strife
"With *nature*, to *out-doe* the *life*."

HENLEY.

P. 5, l. 5. —— *Happy* men!] Mr. Theobald reads — happy *man;* and certainly the emendation is sufficiently plausible, though the old reading may well stand. MALONE.

The text is right. The poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in being Timon's friends,

and familiarly admitted to his table, to partc
his good cheer, and experience the effects
bounty. RITSON.

P. 5, l. 7. 8. *You see this confluence,*
great flood of visi
Mane salutantúm totis vomit ædibus und
Jos

P. 5, l. 11. 12. — *My free drift*
Halts not particularly,] My design
not stop at any single character. JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 12. 13. — *but moves itself*
In a wide sea of wax:] Anciently
wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile.
HA

I once thought with Sir T. Hanmer, th
was only an allusion to the Roman pract
writing with a style on waxen tablets; but
pears that the same custom prevailed in En
about the year 1395, and might have been
of by Shakspeare. It seems also to be p
out by implication in many of our old coll
establishments. See Warton's *History of E*
Poetry, Vol. III. p. 151. STEEVENS.

Mr. Astle observes in his very ingenious
On the Origin and Progress of Writing, q
1784, that "the practice of writing on table
covered with *wax* was not entirely laid asid
the commencement of the *fourteenth* cent
As Shakspeare, I believe, was not a very
found English antiquary, it is surely impro
that he should have had any knowledge of a
tice which had been disused for more tha
centuries before he was born. The Roman
tice he might have learned from Golding's T
lation of the ninth book of *Ovid's Met*
phoses:

"Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the emptie *waxe*," &c. MALONE.

P. 5, l. 13-16. — *no levell'd malice*
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.] To *level* is to *aim*, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 18. *I'll unbolt to you.*] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 20. — *slippery creatures*,] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read — *natures*. *Slippery* is *smooth*, unresisting. JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 25. — the *glass-fac'd flatterer*] That shows in his look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 28. 29. — *even he drops down*
The knee before him,] Either Shakspeare meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. STEEVENS.

The Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests. RITSON.

P. 5, l. 31. I saw them speak *together*.] The word — *together*, which only serves to interrupt the measure, is, I believe, an interpolation, being

occasionally omitted by our author, as unnecessary to sense, on similar occasions. STEEVENS.

P. 6, first l. — *rank'd with all deserts,*] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

P. 6, l. 3. *To propagate their states:*] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

P. 6, l. 10. *'Tis conceiv'd to scope.*] Properly imagined, oppositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

P. 6, l. 16. *Condition* for art. WARBURTON.

P. 6, l. 20. 21. — *his lobbies fill with tendance,*
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,] The sense is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him.* The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumstance of its being offered up in *whispers:* which shows it was the calumniating those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakspeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisperings*, alluding to the victims offered up to idols. WARBURTON.

Whisperings attended with such respect and veneration as accompany sacrifices to the gods. Such, I suppose, is the meaning. MALONE.

P. 6, l. 23. *Drink the free air.*] That is, catch his breath in affected fondness. JOHNSON.

A similar phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour:* "By this air, the most divine tobacco I ever *drank!*" To *drink*, in both these instances, signifies to *inhale*. STEEVENS.

P. 6, l. 34-36. & P. 7, first l. *A thousand moral paintings I can show,*
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words.] Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shown, the painter thinks he could have shown better. JOHNSON.

P. 7, l. 2. — *mean eyes*] i. e. inferior spectators. TOLLET.

P. 7, l. 12. To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakspeare's introduction into the English language. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 15. — *when he must need me,*] i. e. when he is *compelled* to have need of my assistance; or, as Mr. Malone has more happily explained the phrase, — "cannot but want my assistance." STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 24. 25. *'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,*
But to support him after.] This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his *Elegy on Archbishop Boulter:*

"More than they ask'd he gave; and deem'd it mean
"Only to help the poor — to beg again."
JOHNSON.

It has been said that Dr. Johnson was paid ten guineas by Dr. Madden for correcting this poem.
STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 26. All happiness to *your Honour!*] The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your Honour*, which was indifferently

used with your Lordship. See any old letter, or dedication of that age. STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 23–25. *Therefore he will be, Timon:*
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.] This thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning: "If the man be honest, my Lord, for that reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent. WARBURTON.

I rather think an emendation necessary, and read:

Therefore well be him, *Timon:*
His honesty rewards him in itself.

That is, "If he is honest, *bene sit illi*, I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter." The first transcriber probably wrote — *will be with him*, which the next, not understanding, changed to, — *he will be.* JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Warburtons' explanation is best, because it exacts no change. STEEVENS.

Therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtue; and he does not need the additional blessing of a beautiful and accomplished wife.

It has been objected, I forget by whom, if the old Athenian means to say that Lucilius will still continue to be virtuous, what occasion has he to apply to Timon to interfere relative to this marriage? But this is making Shakspeare write *by the card.* The words mean undoubtedly, that he will be honest in his *general conduct* through life; in every other action except that now complained of. MALONE.

P. 9, l. 17–20. — *Never may*
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!] The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal. JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 54–55. — *These pencil'd figures are*
Even such as they give out.] Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be. JOHNSON.

P. 10, l. 10. To *unclew* is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclew* a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

P. 10, l. 15. *Are prized by their masters;*] Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held. JOHNSON.

P. 10, l. 25. APEMANTUS.] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philosophers;* and how well Shakspeare has copied it. WARBURTON.

P. 10, l. 29. *When thou art Timon's dog,*
and these knaves honest.]
When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation. JOHNSON.

This is spoken δεικτικῶς, as Mr. Upton says somewhere: — striking his hand on his breast.

"Wot you who named me first the Kinge's dogge?" says Aristippus in *Damon and Pythias.* FARMER.

Apemantus, I think, means to say, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that shall happen which never will happen; till Timon is transformed to the shape of his dog, and his knavish followers become honest

men. Stay for thy good morrow, says he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the same time when thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never.

MALONE.

Mr. Malone has justly explained the drift of Apemantus. Such another reply occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Ulysses, desirous to avoid a kiss from Cressida, says to her; give me one

"When Helen is a maid again," &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 10, last but one l. *Are they not Athenians?*] The very imperfect state in which the ancient copy of this play has reached us, leaves a doubt whether several short speeches in the present scene were designed for verse or prose. I have therefore made not attempt at regulation. STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 19. Pain. *You are a dog.*] This speech, which is given to the *Painter* in the old editions, in the modern ones must have been transferred to the *Poet* by mistake: it evidently belongs to the former. RITSON.

P. 11, l. 32. 33. *Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.*] Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a *jewel*, but they that use it die beggars." STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 21. *That I had* no angry *wit to be a lord.*] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text,

That I had so hungry a wit *to be a lord,*

it is satirical enough of conscience, viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, Shakspeare uses *lean-witted* in his *King Richard II:*

" And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted* fool.

WARBURTON.

The meaning may be, — I should hate myself r *patiently enduring to be a lord.* This is ill ough expressed. Perhaps, some happy change ay set it right. I have tried, and can do no- ing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. War- urton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath reads:

That I had so wrong'd my *wit to be a lord.* ut the passage before us, is, in my opinion, ir- mediably corrupted. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the compositor has transposed the words, id they should be read thus:

Angry that I had no wit, — to be a lord.

r,

Angry to be a lord, — that I had no wit.

BLACKSTONE.

erhaps we should read:

That I had an *angry* wish *to be a lord;* eaning, that he would hate himself for having ished in his anger to become a lord. — For it in anger that he says:

"Heavens, that I were a lord!" M. MASON.

I believe Shakspeare was thinking of the com- non expression — *he has wit in his anger;* nd that the difficulty arises here, as in many other laces, from the original editor's paying no atten- ion to abrupt sentences. Our author, I suppose, rote:

That I had no angry wit. — To be a lord! Art thou, &c.

Apemantus is asked, why after having wished o be a lord, he should hate himself. He replies, — For this reason; that I *had no wit* [or dis- retion] *in my anger*, but was absurd enough to

wish myself one of that set of men, whom I despise. He then exclaims with indignation — To be a lord! — Such is my conjecture, in which however I have not so much confidence as to depart from the mode in which this passage has been hitherto exhibited. MALONE.

P. 12, last l. *Some twenty horse, all of companionship.*] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself.* STEEVENS.

P. 13, l. 16—18. — *The strain of man's bred out*
Into baboon and monkey.] Man is exhausted and degenerated; his *strain* or lineage is worn down into a monkey. JOHNSON.

P. 13, l. 23. *Ere we depart.*] Who *depart?* Though Alcibiades was to leave Timon, Timon was not to depart. Common sence favours my emendation. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald proposes — *do part.* Common sense may favour it, but an acquaintance with the language of Shakspeare would not have been quite so propitious to his emendation. *Depart* and *part* have the same meaning. So, in *King John:*

"Hath willingly *departed* with a part"

i. e. hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in question. STEEVENS.

P. 13, l. 30. *The* most *accursed thou,*] Read: —— *The* more *accursed thou,* ——
RITSON.

P. 14, l. 22. *Meed,* which in general signifies reward or recompence, in this place seems do mean *desert.* STEEVENS.

P. 14,

P. 14, l. 24. 25. *But breeds the giver a return exceeding*
All use of quittance.] i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.
WARBURTON.

P. 15, l. 23. 24. *If our betters play at that game, we must not dare*
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.] These two lines are absurdly given to Timon. They should be read thus: —

Tim. *If our betters play at that game, we must not.*
Apem. *Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.*

This is said satirically, and in character. It was a sober reflection in Timon; who by *our betters* meant the gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received; but it would be impiety in men to expect the same observance for the trifling good they do. Apemantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this sentiment; as if Timon had spoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who expect largest returns for their favours; and therefore, ironically replies as above. WARBURTON.

I cannot see that these lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whose character of generosity and condescension they are very suitable. To suppose that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harsh, because to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the highest pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind of affected modesty. If I would make any alteration, it should be only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we must not dare
T' imitate them: faults that are rich are fair. JOHNSON.

The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but they are faults notwithstanding. HEATH.

Dr. Warburton with his usual love of innovation, transfers the last word of the first of these lines, and the whole of the second to Apemantus. Mr. Heath has justly observed that this cannot have been Shakspeare's intention, for thus Apemantus would be made to address Timon personally, who must therefore have seen and heard him; whereas it appears from a subsequent speech, that Timon had not yet taken notice of him, as he salutes him with some surprize —

"O, Apemantus! — you are welcome."

The term — *our betters*, being used by the inferior classes of men when they speak of their superiors in the state, Shakspeare uses these words with his usual laxity, to express persons of high rank and fortune. MALONE.

P. 16, l. 4. — *confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?*] There seem to be some allusion here to a common proverbial saying of Shakspeare's time: "Confess and be hang'd." MALONE.

P. 16, l. 18. —— *at thine* own peril,] The old copy reads — *at thine* apperil. I have not been able to find such a word in any Dictionary, nor is it reconcileable to etymology. I have therefore adopted an emendation made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Apperil, the reading of the old editions, may

e right', though no other instance of it has been, r possibly can be produced. It is, however, in ctual use in the metropolis, at this day. RITSON.

P. 16, l. 20—22. — *thou art an Athenian; herefore welcome: I myself would have no power:*] If this be the true reading, the sense is, — *ll Athenians are welcome to share my fortune:*

I would myself have no *exclusive right or power in this house.* Perhaps we might read, — *myself would have no poor.* I would have every Athenian consider himself as joint possessor of my fortune. JOHNSON.

I understand Timon's meaning to be; *I myself would have no power* to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st *let my meat make thee silent,* Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests." TYRWHITT.

These words refer to what follows, not to that which precedes. *I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being master of the house: I wish not by my commands to impose silence on any one: but though I myself do not enjoin you to silence, let my meat stop your mouth.* MALONE.

P. 16, l. 24—26. *I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should*
Ne'er flatter thee.] The meaning is, — I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would stick in my throat. JOHNSON.

For has here perhaps the signification of *because.* MALONE.

P. 16, l. 28. 29. — *to see so many dip their meat*
I one man's blood;] The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase. JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 32. — *they should invite them without knives;*] It was the custom in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum. They were strangers, at that period, to the use of *forks*. RITSON.

P. 17, l. 7. Lest they should spy my *windpipe's* dangerous *notes:*]
The notes of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *windpipe* and *notes* favour strongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 9. — *harness* — i. e. armour. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 11. *My Lord, in heart;*] That is, *my Lord's health with sincerity*. An emendation has been proposed thus:
My love *in heart;* —
but it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

P. 17, last but one l. Rich men *sin*,] Dr. Farmer proposes to read — *sing*. REED.

P. 18, l. 17. — *we should think ourselves for ever perfect.*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness. JOHNSON.

P. 18, l. 21. 23. — *why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?*] *Charitable* signifies, dear, endearing. *Alms*, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of almsgiving consisted; not in the *act*, but in the *disposition*. WARBURTON.

The meaning is probably this: — Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me? JOHNSON.

P. 18, l. 25. — *and thus far I confirm.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

P. 19, first l. *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, destroyed, turned to tears, before *it can be born*, before it can be fully possessed. JOHNSON.

P. 19, l. 2. 3. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.*] In the original edition the words stand thus: *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults I drink to you.* Perhaps the true reading is this: *Mine eyes cannot hold out;* they *water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water*, that is, cannot keep water from *breaking* in upon them. JOHNSON.

P. 19, l. 4, *Thou weep'st to make them drink,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads: — *to make them drink thee*; and is followed by Dr. Warburton; *I think*, without sufficient reason. The covert sense of Apemantus is, *what thou lostest, they get.* JOHNSON.

P. 19, l. 8. — *like a babe* —] That is, a *weeping babe.* JOHNSON.

I question if Shakspeare meant the propriety of allusion to be carried quite so far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression. STEEVENS.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumstances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

The word *conception*, in the preceding line, shows, I think, that Mr. Tollet's interpretation of this passage is the true one. MALONE.

P. 19, l. 13. Apem. *Much!*] Apemantus means to say, — That's extraordinary. *Much* was formerly an expression of admiration; and is frequently used, as here, ironically, and with some indication of contempt. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 28–31. —— The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy
table rise;

They *only now* &c.] Their *taste, touch all pleas'd from thy table rise,*
They *only now* ——.

The *five* senses are talked of by Capid, but three of them only are made out; and those in a very *heavy unintelligible* manner. It is plain therefore *we should read:*

Th' ear, *taste*, *touch*, smell, *pleas'd from thy table rise*,

These *only now*, &c.

i. e. the five senses. Timon, aknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing*, *taste*, *touch*, and *smell*, are all feasted at thy board; and these ladies come with me to entertain your *sight* in a masque. Massinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the passage from Shakspeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, speaking of a banquet, he says:

"——All that may be had
"To please the *eye*, the *ear*, *state*, *touch*, or *smell*,
"Are carefully provided." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors omit the word — *all*; but omission is the most dangerous mode of emendation. The corrupted word — *There*, shews that — *The ear* was intended to be contracted into one syllable; and *table* also was probably used as taking up only the time of a monosyllable. MALONE.

Perhaps the present arrangement of the foregoing words, renders monosyllabification needless. STEEVENS.

P. 20, l. 5. *Musick, make their welcome.*] Perhaps the poet wrote:

Musick, make known *their welcome.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

"We will require her welcome, —
"*Pronounce* it for me, Sir, to all our friends." STEEVENS.

P. 20, l. 11. *They dance!* they *are mad women.*] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we should read:

These *are mad woman.* THEOBALD.

P. 20, l. 12. 15. *Like madness is the gl*
this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil
root.] *The glory o*
life is very near to madness, as may be
appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place
a philosopher is feeding on *oil and roots.*
we see by example how few are the necessa
life, we learn what madness there is in so
superfluity. JOHNSON.

The word *like* in this place does not expr
semblance, but *equality*. Apemantus do
mean to say that the glory of this life w
madness, but it was *just as much madness*
eye of reason, as the pomp appeared to be,
compared to the frugal repast of a philoso
M. M

P. 20, l. 20. — *of their* friends' gift?]
is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

P. 21, l. 4. *And entertain'd me with*
own device?] Th
appears to have been designed by Timon t
prize his guests. JOHNSON.

P. 21, l. 6. 1. *Lady.*] In the old do
speech is given to the 1 *Lord.* I have ven
change it to the 1 *Lady*, as Mr. Edwards a
Heath, as well as Dr. Johnson, concur
emendation. STEEVENS.

The conjecture of Dr. Johnson, who ob
that *L* only was probably set down in the
well founded; for that abbreviation is used
old copy in this very scene, and in many
places. The next speech, however coarse
lusion couched under the word *taking* m
puts the matter beyond a doubt. MALONE.

P. 21, l. 6. — *you take us* even *at the best.*] Perhaps we should read:

—— ever *at the best.*

So, Act III. sc. vi:

"*Ever* at the best." TYRWHITT.

Take us even at the best, I believe, means, you have seen the best we can do. They are supposed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in such a confession. Mr. Malone's subsequent explanation, however, pleases me better than my own. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, "You have conceived the fairest of us," (to use the words of Lucullus in a subsequent scene;) you have estimated us too highly, perhaps above our deserts. MALONE.

P. 21, l. 9. — and would not *hold taking*,] i. e. *bear handling*, words which (if my memory does not deceive me) are employed to the same purpose in another of our author's plays.

STEEVENS.

P. 21, l. 18. *There is no crossing him in his humour*;] Read: *There is no crossing him in* this *his humour.* RITSON.

P. 21, l. 22. — *he'd be cross'd then, an he could,*] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *cross'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the First's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived, — *I have* not a cross *about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD

P. 21, l. 24. — *bounty had not eyes behind;*] To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

P. 21, l. 25. *That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.*] For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON.

P. 21, last but one l. *Advance this jewel;*] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

P. 23, l. 34. *I'll tell you true.*] Dr. Johnson reads, I *tell you*, &c. in which he has been heedlessly followed; for though the change does not affect the sense of the passage, it is quite unnecessary, as may be proved by numerous instances in our author's dialogue. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 1-3. — *'tis not enough to give;*
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.] Thus the passage stood in all the editions before Sir T. Hanmer's, who restored — *My thanks.* JOHNSON.

I have displaced the words inserted by Sir T. Hanmer. What I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occasion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 6. *Ay, defiled land,*] *I*, — is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his estate lies in a* pitch'd *field.* Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile.* Alcibiades therefore replies, that his estate lies *in defiled land.* This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published:
I defy land, —. JOHNSON.

I being always printed in the old copy for *Ay*, the editor of the second folio made the absurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

P. 24, l. 13. *All to you.*] All good wishes, or all happiness to you. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 17. *Ready for his friends.*] I suppose, for the sake of enforcing the sense, as well as restoring the measure, we should read:

Ready ever *for his friends.* STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 20. *Serving of beaks,*] *Beck* means a salutation made with the head. To *serve a beck*, is to offer a salutation. JOHNSON.

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—— *no reason*
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Reason cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation.*

The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and defaced, that *f* and *ſ* are not always to be distinguished. JOHNSON.

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notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth*:

"Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, *in compt.*" STEEVENS.

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—— *Never mind*
Was [made] *to be so unwise*, [in order] *to be so kind.*]

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." — "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." JOHNSON.

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There is another remark to be made. Varro and Isidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Isidore. Whether servants, in our author's time, took the names of their *masters*, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it stands: "*Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.*" STEEVENS.

In like manner in the fourth scene of the next act the servant of Lucius is called by his master's name; but our author's intention is sufficiently manifested by the stage-direction in the fourth scene of the third act, where we find in the first folio, (p. 86, col. 2.) "*Enter Varro's man, meeting others.*" I have therefore always annexed *Serv.* to the name of the master. MALONE.

Good even, or as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that Good morrow became improper. This appears plainly from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv:

"*Nurse.* God yé good morrow, Gentlemen.

"*Mercutio.* God ye *good den*, fair Gentlewoman.

"*Nur.* Is it *good den?*

"*Mer.* 'Tis no less I tell you; for the..... hand of the dial is now upon the..... of *noon.*"

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. sc. I. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I presume, of this wide sense of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning*; without any necessity, as from the course of the incidents, precedent and subsequent, the day may well be supposed to be turn'd of *noon.*

TYRWHITT.

P. 27, l. 26. — *we'll forth again,*] i. e. to hunting, from which diversion, we find by Flavius's speech, he was just returned. It may be here observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in Laneham's *Account* of the *Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, we find, that Queen

Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon. "Monday was hot, and therefore her Highness kept in 'till *five a clok* in the evening; what time it pleaz'd her to ryde forth into the chase, to hunt the hart of forz; which found anon, and after sore chased," &c. Again, "Munday the 18 of this July, the weather being hot, her Highness kept the castle for coolness 'till about *five a clok*, her Majesty in the chase hunted the hart (as before) of forz," &c. So, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592:

"He means *this evening* in the park to hunt." REED.

P. 28, l. 9. *That with your other noble parts you'll suit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 18. *He humbly prays your speedy payment.* ——] As our author does not appear to have meant that the servant of Isidore should be less civil than those of the other lords, it is natural to conceive that this line, at present imperfect, originally stood thus:

He humbly prays your Lordship's *speedy payment.* STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 8. *Enter* APEMANTUS *and a* Fool.] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity. JOHNSON.

P. 20,

P. 29, l. 22-30. Caph. *Where's the fool now?*
Apem. *He last asked the question.* — &c. &c.] This is said so abruptly, that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*
Apem. *He last ask'd the question.*
All. *What are we, Apemantus?*
Apem. *Asses.*
All. *Why?*
Apem. *That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak*, &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the passage transposed was forgot in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps a little beside the proper place, which the transcriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands. JOHNSON.

The transposition proposed by Johnson is unnecessary. Apemantus does not address these words to any of the others, but mutters them to himself; so that they do not enter into the dialogue, or compose a part of it. M. MASON.

P. 29, last l. *She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are.*] The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms. JOHNSON.

It was anciently the practice, and in inns perhaps still continues, to scald off the feathers of poultry, instead of plucking them. Chaucer hath referred to it in his *Romaunt* of the Rose, 6820:

"*Without scalding* they hem pulle."

HENLEY.

P. 30, l. 2. *Corinth.*] A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words: "*In* CORINTHI *supra mille prostitutas in templo Veneris assidue degere, et inflammata libidine quæstui meretricio operam dare, et velut sacrorum ministras Deæ famulari.*" Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, says: "Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatick old prelatess, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for such a one." WARBURTON.

P. 30, l. 5. — here comes my *mistress'* page.] In the first passage this Fool speaks of his *master*, in the second [as exhibited in the modern editions] of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage:

"*All.* How does your *mistress?*" —

"*Fool.* My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool." STEEVENS.

I have not hesitated to print *mistress* in both places. *Master* was frequently printed in the old copy instead of *mistress*, and *vice versa*, from the ancient mode of writing an *M* only, which stood in the MSS. of Shakspeare's time either for the one or the other; and the copyist or printer completed the word without attending to the context. MALONE.

P. 31, l. 14. — *like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one:*] Meaning *the celebrated* philosopher's stone, which was in *those times* much talk'd of. Sir Thomas Smi

was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it. JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 18. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

Return so much,] He does not mean so *great* a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uses this kind of expression. MALONE.

P. 32, l. 27. *Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,*]

i. e. Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford editor understood the sense, he would not have altered the text to,

Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time. WARBURTON.

I think Sir T. Hanmer right, and have received his emendation. JOHNSON.

The old reading is not properly explained by Dr. Warburton. "Though I tell you this (says Flavius) at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it." It is evident, that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends. RITSON.

Though you now *at last* listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state that the whole of your remaining fortune wi

P. 21, l. 24. — *bounty had not eyes behind;*] To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

P. 21, l. 25. *That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.*] For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON.

P. 21, last but one l. *Advance this jewel;*] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

P. 23, l. 34. *I'll tell you true.*] Dr. Johnson reads, I *tell you*, &c. in which he has been heedlessly followed; for though the change does not affect the sense of the passage, it is quite unnecessary, as may be proved by numerous instances in our author's dialogue. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 1-3. — *'tis not enough to give;*
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.] Thus the passage stood in all the editions before Sir T. Hanmer's, who restored — *My thanks.* JOHNSON.

I have displaced the words inserted by Sir T. Hanmer. What I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occasion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 8. *Ay, defiled land,*] *I*, — is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his estate lies in a* pitch'd *field.* Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile.* Alcibiades therefore replies, *that his* estate lies *in defiled land.* This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published:
I defy land, —. JOHNSON.

I being always printed in the old copy for *Ay*, the editor of the second folio made the absurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

P. 24, l. 13. *All to you.*] All good wishes, or all happiness to you. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 17. *Ready for his friends.*] I suppose, for the sake of enforcing the sense, as well as restoring the measure, we should read:

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(to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read — Unto *this hour*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

I should have no doubt in preferring the modern reading, *unto this hour*, as it is by far the stronger expression, so probably the right one.

M. MASON.

Mr. Ritson is of the same opinion. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 26. —— *of* nature —] So the common copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — *nurture*. JOHNSON.

Of nature is surely the most expressive reading. Flaminius considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STEEVENS.

P. 58, last l. To expel sickness, but prolong *his hour!*] i. e. the hour of sickness. *His* for *its*. STEEVENS.

His in almost every scene of these plays is used for *its*, but here I think "*his* hour" relates to Lucullus, and means *his life*.

If my notion be well founded, we must understand that the Steward wishes that the life of Lucullus may be prolonged only for the purpose of his being miserable; that sickness may "play the torturer by small and small," and, "have him nine whole years in killing." —

This indeed is nearly the meaning, if, with Mr. Steevens, we understand *his hour* to mean *the hour of sickness:* and it must be owned that a line in *Hamlet* adds support to his interpretation:

"*This* physick but *prolongs* thy sickly days."

MALONE.

Mr. Malone's interpretation may receive further

support from a passage in *Coriolanus*, where Menenius says to the Roman sentinel: "Be that you are, *long*; and your misery increase with your age." STEEVENS.

P. 39, l. 6. 7. *We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him.*] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no less* than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person. JOHNSON.

To *know*, in the present, and several other instances, is used by our author for — *to acknowledge*. STEEVENS.

P. 39, l. 10. —— *are* done —] i. e. consumed. MALONE.

P. 39, l. 16. — *so many talents*;] Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily — *fifty talents*. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number. The stranger might not know the exact sum. STEEVENS.

So, Queen Elizabeth to one of her parliaments: "And for me, it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a Queen having reigned *such a time*, [i. e. the time that she should have reigned, whatever time that might happen to be,] lived and died a virgin."

"He sold *so much* of his estate, when he came of age," (meaning *a certain portion* of his estate,) is yet the phraseology of Scotland. MALONE.

P. 39, l. 27. 28. — *yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me*,] We should read: *mislook'd* him, i. e. overlooked, neglected to send to him. WARBURTON.

I rather read, yet had he not *mistook him, and sent to me.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes to read — yet had.

missed *him*. Lucius has just declared that he had had fewer presents from Timon, than Lucullus had received, who therefore ought to have been the first to assist him. Yet, says he, had Timon *mistook him*, or overlooked that circumstance, and sent to me, I should not have denied, &c.

STEEVENS.

That is, "had he (Timon) mistaken himself and sent to me, I would ne'er," &c. He means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to a person who had received such trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater; but if Timon had made that mistake, he should not have denied him so many talents.

M. MASON.

Had he mistook *him* means, had he by mistake thought him under less obligations than me, and sent to me accordingly. HEATH.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *him* relates to Timon, and that *mistook him* is a reflective participle. MALONE.

P. 39, last l. I should ne'er have denied his occasion *so many talents*.] i. e. a certain number of talents, such a number as he might happen to want. MALONE.

P. 40, l. 16. — to supply his instant use with *so many talents*.] Such again is the reading with which the old copy supplies us. Probably the exact number of *talents wanted* was not expressly set down by Shakspeare. If this was the case, the player who represented the character, spoke of the first number that was uppermost in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouse books, put down an indefinite for the definite sum, which *remained* unspecified. The modern editors read

again in this instance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the servant brought a note with him which he tendered to Lucullus. STEEVENS.

There is, I am confident, no error. I have met with this kind of phraseology in many books of Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

P. 40, l. 21. *If his occasion were not virtuous*,] *Virtuous* for strong, forcible, pressing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be — If he did not want it for a good use. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is certainly right. — We had before:

"Some *good necessity* touches his friend."

MALONE.

P. 40, l. 22. *Faithfully* for fervently. Therefore, without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*. But he might have seen, that Shakspeare used *faithfully* for fervently, as in the former part of the sentence he had used *virtuous* for forcible. WARBURTON.

Zeal or *fervour* usually attending *fidelity*.

MALONE.

P. 40, l. 28. 29. — *that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?*] Though there is a seeming plausible antithesis in the terms, I am very well assured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only substantive that follows in the sentence. How much is the antithesis improved by the sense which my emendation gives? "That I should purchase for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!"

THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir T. Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton.

I think Theobald right in suspecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchase the day before for a little* park. JOHNSON.

I am satisfied with the old reading, which is sufficiently in our author's manner. By purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of suppliing the wants of my friend. Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation, and *Honour* (i. e. the *Lordship* of a place,) in a legal sense. See Jacobs's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

I am neither satisfied with the amendments proposed, or with Steevens's explanation of the present reading; and have little doubt but we should read "purchase for a little *port*," instead of *part*, and the meaning will then be — "How unlucky was I to have purchased, but the day before, out of a little vanity, and by that means disabled myself from doing an honourable action." *Port* means *show*, or *magnificence*. M. MASON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's reading is the true one. I once suspected the phrase "purchase *for*;" but a more attentive examination of our author's works and those of his contemporaries, has shewn me the folly of suspecting corruptions in the text, merely because it exhibits a different phraseology from that used at this day. MALONE.

P. 41, l. 16–18. *Why this*
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit.] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The oder [modern] editions read:

Why, this is the world's soul;
And just of the same piece is every flatterer's sport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily transposed the two final words, thus:

Why, this is the world's sport;
Of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.

The passage is not so obscure as to provoke so much enquiry. *This*, says he, *is the soul* or spirit *of the world*: *every flatterer* plays the same game, makes *sport* with the confidence of his friend. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason prefers the amendment of Dr. Warburton to the transposition of Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

The emendation, *spirit*, belongs not to Dr. Warburton, but to Mr. Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one syllable, and sometimes, I think, written *sprite*. Hence the corruption was easy; whilst on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words so distant from each other as *soul* and *sport* [or *spirit*] should change places. Mr. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy; but finding *soul* and *sport* the final words of two lines in Mr. Pope's and the subsequent editions, took it for granted they held the same situation in the original edition, which we see was not the case. I do not believe this speech was intended by the author for verse. MALONE.

P. 41, l. 19. His friend, *that dips in the same dish?*] This phrase is scriptural. "He that dippeth his hand with me *in the dish.*" *St. Matthew*, xxvi. 23. STEEVENS

P. 41, l. 27. 28. *He does deny him,*
spect of his,
What charitable men afford to be
In respect of his i. e. considering Timon'
for what he asks. WARBURTON.

In respect of his fortune: what Lucius
to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius
es, less than the usual alms given by goo
to beggars. JOHNSON.

Though Lucius himself drink from a sil
which was *Timon's* gift to him, he refuses
mon, in return, drink from any cup. He

P. 41, last l. & P. 42, l. 1. 2. *Had his*
sity made use of
I would have put my wealth into d
And the best half should have retu
him,] Sir T. H
reads:
I would have put my wealth into pa
And the best half should have atto
him, ——.
Mr. Warburton receives *attorn'd*. The onl
culty is in the word *return'd*, which, s
had receiv'd nothing from him, cannot b
but in a very low and licentious meaning.
Jo

Had his necessity made use of me, I
have put my fortune into a condition
alienated, and the best half of what
gained myself, or received from others,
have found its way to him. Either such li
exposition must be allowed, or the passa
main in obscurity, as some readers may not
to receive Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendati
S

The difficulty of this passage arises from the word *return'd*. Warburton proposes to read *attorn'd*; but that word always relates to persons, not to things. It is the tenant that attorns, not the lands. The meaning of the passage appears to be this: — "Though I never tasted of Timon's bounty, yet I have such an esteem for his virtue, that had he applied to me, I should have considered my wealth as proceeding from his donation, and have *returned* half of it to him again." To put his wealth into donation, means, to put it down in account as a donation, to suppose it a donation.

M. MASON.

I have no doubt that the latter very happy interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. Though (says the speaker) I never tasted Timon's bounty in my life, I would have *supposed* my whole fortune to have been a *gift* from him, &c.

MALONE.

P. 42, l. 16. They have all been *touch'd*,] That is, *tried*, alluding to the *touchstone*.

JOHNSON.

P. 42, l. 20-22. *Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?*
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shows &c.] With this mutilated and therefore rugged speech no ear accustomed to harmony can be satisfied. Sir T. Hanmer thus reforms the first part of it:

Have Lucius, and *Ventidius, and Lucullus,*
Deny'd him all? *and does he send to* me?

Yet we might better, I think, read with a later *editor:*

You —

Deny'd him, say you? *and does h*
to me?

Three? humph!

It shows, &c.

But I can only point out metrical dilapi
which I profess my inability to repair. Sr

P. 42, l. 23–25. — *His friends, lik*
sicians,

Thrive, *give him over;*] Sir T. H
reads, *try'd*, plausibly enough. Instead o
proposed by Mr. Pope, I should read *thric*
perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSO

Perhaps we should read — *shriv'd*. Th
him over shriv'd; that is, *prepared for*
diate death by shrift. TYRWHITT.

P. 43, l. 9. — *such a courage*] Such
dour, such an eager desire. JOHNSON.

P. 43, l. 15–18. *The devil knew no*
he did, when he made man politick; he
himself by't: and I cannot think, but,
end, the villainies of man will set him
I cannot but think that the negative *not* h
truded into this passage, and the reader wil
so too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's ex
tion of the next words. JOHNSON.

Set him clear does not mean acquit him
heaven; for then *the devil* must be supp
know what he did; but it signifies puzzl
outdo him at his own weapons. WARBUR

How the devil, or any other being, sho
set clear by being *puzzled* and *outdone*, th
mentator has not explained. When in a cro
would have an opening made, we say,
clear, that is, out of the way of danger.
some affinity to this use, though not with
harmless, to *set clear*, may be to set as

I believe the original corruption is the insertion of the negative, which was obtruded by some transcriber, who supposed *cross'd* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil*. The use of *crossing* by way of protection or purification, was probably not worn out in Shakspeare's time. The sense of *set clear* is now easy; he has no longer the gilt of tempting man. To *cross himself* may mean, in a very familiar sense, *to clear his score, to get out of debt, to quit his reckoning*. He knew not *what he did*, may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing himself. There is no need of emendation. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Warburton's explanation is the true one. *Clear* is an adverb, or so used; and Dr. Johnson's Dictionary observes that *to set* means, in Addison, to embarrass, to distress, to perplex. — If then the devil made men politick, he has thwarted his own interest, because the superior cunning of man will at last puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations. TOLLET.

Johnson's explanation of this passage is nearly right; but I don't see how the insertion of the negative injures the sense, or why that should be considered as a corruption. Servilius means to say, that the devil did not foresee the advantage that would arise to himself from thence, when he made men politick. He redeemed himself by it; for men will, in the end, become so much more villainous than he is, that they will set him clear; he will appear innocent when compared to them. Johnson has rightly explained the words, "he crossed himself by it." M. MASON.

The *meaning*, I think, is this: — The devil *did not know what he was* about, [how much *his reputation for* wickedness would be diminished

when he made man crafty and interested; he thwarted himself by it; [by thus raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to surpass him;] *and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such a height, as to make even Satan himself, in comparison, appear* (what he would least of all wish to be) *spotless and innocent.*

Clear is in many other places used by our author and the contemporary writers, for *innocent.* MALONE.

The devil's folly in making man politick, is to appear in this, that he will, at the long run, be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thraldom. RITSON.

Concerning this difficult passage, I claim no other merit than that of having left before the reader the notes of all the commentators. I myself am in the state of Dr. Warburton's devil, — *puzzled,* instead of being *set clear* by them. STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 20. 21. — *like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.*] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon the project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples; which makes him say, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would set whole realms on fire.* So, Sempronius pretended to that warm *affection* and generous jealousy of friendship, that *is affronted,* if any other be applied to before i *At best the* similitude is an awkward one; but

fitted the *audience*, though not the *speaker*.

WARBURTON.

P. 43, last l. *Who cannot keep his wealth,*
must keep his house.] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns.

JOHNSON.

P. 44, last l. —— *a prodigal course*
Is like the sun's;] That is, like him in blaze and splendor.

"*Soles occidere et redire possunt.*" Catul.

JOHNSON.

P. 45, l. 2–4. *'Tis deepest winter in lord*
Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.] Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow. STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 17. I am weary of this *charge*,] This is, of this *commission*, of this *employment*.

JOHNSON.

P. 45, l. 24–27. — *and it should seem by the sum,*
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.] Should it not be, *Else, surely, mine had equall'd.*

JOHNSON.

The meaning of the passage is evidently and simply this: *Your master, it seems*, *had* more *confidence in lord Timon than* mine, otherwise *his* (*i. e.* my master's) *debt* (i. e. the money due *to him from* Timon) *would* certainly have been *as great as your master's* (i. e. as the mone

which Timon owes to your master;) that master being as rich as yours, could and have advanced Timon as large a sum master has advanced him, if he (my mas thought it prudent to do so. RITSON.

The meaning may be, "The confidentia ship subsisting between your master [Luc Timon, was greater than that subsisting my master [Varro] and Timon; else su sum borrowed by Timon from your ma been *equal* to, and *not greater* than, borrowed from mine; and this *equalit* have been produced by the application my master being *raised* from *three* crowns to *five* thousand."

Two sums of unequal magnitude may duced to an equality, as well by additio lesser sum, as by subtraction from the Thus, if A. has applied to B. for ten pou to C. for five, and C. requests that he n A. precisely the *same* sum as he shall be with by B, this may be done, either by *menting* his loan, and lending ten pound as B, or by B's *diminishing* his loan, a C, lending only five pounds. The word' ro's servant therefore may mean, Else su *same sums* had been borrowed by Tim both our masters.

I have preserved this interpretation, I once thought it *probable*, and because it m others as *just*. But the true explication *is this* (which I also formerly propose *may refer* to *mine*. "It should seem tha *fidential* friendship subsisting between y *and* Timon, was greater than that su

tween Timon and my master; else surely *his* sum, i. e. the sum borrowed from *my* master, [the last antecedent] had been as large as the sum borrowed from yours."

The former interpretation (though I think it wrong,) I have stated thus precisely, and exactly in *substance* as it appeared several years ago, (though the expression is a little varied,) because a REMARKER [Mr. Ritson] has endeavoured to represent it as unintelligible.

This *Remarker*, however, it is observable, after saying, that he shall take no notice of *such see-saw conjectures*, with great gravity proposes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may *safely* rely. MALONE.

It must be perfectly clear, that the *Remarker* could not be indebted to a note which, so far as it is intelligible, seems diametrically opposite to his idea. It is equally so, that the editor [Mr. Malone] has availed himself of the above Remark, to vary the expression of his conjecture, and give it a sense it would otherwise never have had.

RITSON.

P. 47, first l. *Enter* SERVILIUS.] It may be observed that Shakspeare has unskilfully filled his Greek story with Roman names. JOHNSON.

P. 47, last l. Phi. *All our bills.*

Tim. *Knock me down with 'em:*] Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the bills or *battle-axes*, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time. STEEVENS.

P. 49, l. 22–25. *He is a man, setting his fate aside,*
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(*An honour in him, which buys out his fault,*)] I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for *in honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the later editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

He is a man, setting his fault *aside,*
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he soil, &c. JOHNSON.

This licentious alteration of the text, with a thousand others of the same kind, was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

P. 49, l. 29. 30. — *and unnoted passion*
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,] *Unnoted* for common, bounded. *Behave*, for curb, manage. WARBURTON.

I would rather read:

——— *and unnoted passion*
He did behave, ere was his anger spent.

Unnoted passion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his passion, such a one as I not hitherto been observed. *Behave his an* may, however, be right. STEEVENS.

"Unnoted passion," I believe, means a pas operating inwardly, but not accompanied with external or boisterous appearances; so regu and subdued, that no spectator could *note observe*, its operation. STEEVENS.

P. 50, first l. *You undergo too strict a*
dox,] *You und*
paradox too hard. JOHNSON.

P. 50, l. 10. The worst that man can *breathe*;] e. can *utter*. MALONE.

P. 50, l. 28-33. — *what make we*
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering.] *What make e abroad?* i. e. What do we, or what have we do in the field? JOHNSON.

Here is another arbitrary regulation, [the omision of — *captain*] the original reads thus:

——— *what make we*
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the ass, more captain than the lion,
The fellow, *loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,*
If wisdom, &c.

think it may be better adjusted thus:

——— *what make we*
Abroad? why then the *women are more valiant*
That stay at home;
If bearing carry it, then is *the ass*
More captain than the lion; and the felon
Loaden with irons, wiser, &c. JOHNSON.

—— *if* bearing *carry it;*] Dr. Johnson, when e proposed to connect this hemistich with the following line instead of the preceding words, seems have forgot one of our author's favourite propsities. I have no doubt that the present arrangement is right.

Mr. Pope, who rejected whatever he did not like, omitted the words — *more captain.* They are supported by what Alcibiades has already said:

"My Lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
"If I speak like a *captain.* ——"

Dr. Johnson with great probability proposes to read *felon* instead of *fellow.* MALONE.

The word *captain* has been injudiciously restored. That it cannot be the author's is evident from its spoiling what would otherwise be a metrical line. Nor is his using it elsewhere any proof that he meant to use it here. RITSON.

I have not scrupled to insert Dr. Johnson's emendation, *felon*, for *fellow*, in the text; but do not perceive how the line can become strictly metrical by the omission of the word — *captain*, unless, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, we transpose the conjunction — *and*, and read:

The ass more than the lion, and *the felon*, —— STEEVENS.

P. 50, last l. *To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;*] *Gust*, for aggravation. WARBURTON.

Gust is here in its common sense; the utmost degree of *appetite* for sin. JOHNSON.

I believe *gust* means *rashness.* The allusion may be to a sudden *gust of wind.* STEEVENS.

So we say, it was done in a sudden *gust* of passion. MALONE.

P. 51, first l. *But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.*] By *mercy* is meant *equity.* But we must read:

—— *'tis* made *just.* WARBURTON.

Mercy is not put for equity. If such explanation be allowed, what can be difficult? The

meaning is, *I call* mercy *herself* to witness, that defensive violence is just. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, Homicide in our own defence, *by a merciful and lenient interpretation* of the laws, is considered as justifiable. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is the more spirited; but a passage in *King John* should seem to countenanc that of Mr. Malone:

"Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
"And so doth yours ——." STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 17. A *sworn rioter* is a man who practises riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

The expression, *a sworn rioter*, seems to be similar to that of *sworn brothers*.. MALONE.

P. 51, l. 31–33. — *your reverend ages love*
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you,] He charges them obliquely with being usurers. JOHNSON.

P. 52, l. 13. *Base* for dishonour'd. WARBURTON.

P. 52, l. 16. 17. *Do you dare our anger?*
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;] This reading may pass, but perhaps the author wrote:

——— *our anger?*
'Tis few in *words, but spacious in effect.* JOHNSON.

P. 52, l. 25–27. — *And, not to swell our spirit,*
He shall be executed presently.] This, I *believe*, means, *not* to put ourselves into any *tumour of rage*, take our definitive resolution. STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 6. *'Tis honour, with most* lands *to be at odds;*] But surely even in a soldier's sense of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him; which shows rather a quarrelsome disposition than a valiant one. Besides, this was not Alcibiades's case. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phrase in the foreging line will direct us to the right reading. I will *lay*, says he, *for hearts;* which is a metaphor taken from card-play, and signifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then the figure was continued in the following line, which should be read thus:

'Tis honour with most hands *to be odds;*

i. e. to fight upon odds, or at disadvantage; as he must do against the united strength of Athens; and this, by soldiers, is accounted *honourable*. Shakspeare uses the same metaphor on the same occasion, in *Coriolanus:*

"He *lurch'd* all swords." WARBURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly substituted for *lands*. In the foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts*, I would read, *play* for *hearts*. JOHNSON.

I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, or that *lay* should be changed into *play*. We should now say, *to lay out for hearts*, i. e. the affections of the people; but *lay* is used singly, as it is here, by Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*, Vol. IV. p. 38:

"*Lay* for some pretty principality."

TYRWHITT.

I *think*, with Dr. Johnson, that *lands* cannot *be right*. To assert that it is honourable to fight *with the greatest* part of the world, is very wild. I *believe* therefore our author meant that Alcibia-

des in his spleen against the *Senate*, from whom alone he has received any injury, should say:

'Tis honour with most lords *to be at odds.*

MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is surely more honourable *to wrangle for a score of kingdoms*, (as Miranda expresses it,) than to enter into quarrels with *lords*, or any other private adversaries.

STEEVENS.

The objection to the old reading still in my apprehension remains. It is not difficult for him who is so inclined, to quarrel with a lord; (or with any other person;) but not so easy to be at odds with his *land*. Neither does the observation just made prove that it is honourable to quarrel, or to be at odds, *with most* of the lands or kingdoms of the earth, which must, I conceive, be proved, before the old reading can be supported.

MALONE.

By *most* lands, perhaps our author means *greatest* lands. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 12. *Enter divers* Lords,] In the modern editions these are called *Senators;* but it is clear from what is said concerning the banishment of Alcibiades, that this must be wrong. I have therefore substituted *Lords*. The old copy has "Enter divers *friends*." MALONE.

P. 55, l. 16. *Upon that were my thoughts tiring,*] A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be idly employed *upon it*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson is mistaken. Tiring *means here*, I think, *fixed*, fastened, as the hawk

fastens its beak eagerly on its prey. So, in author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Like as an empty eagle, sharp by fast
"*Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh,
bone, —"

Tirouër, that is, *tiring* for hawks, as grave calls it, signified any thing by whic falconer brought the bird back, and fixed hi his hand. A capon's wing was often used fo purpose. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation, I believe, is Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*, Antigonus is to be "woman-*tir'd*," i. e. *pecked* by a wo as we now say, with a similar allusion, *pecked*. STEEVENS.

P. 55, first l. *Let it not cumber your*] *remembrance.*] i. e. *good* memory: the *comparative* for the *po* degree. STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 15. Here's a noble feast *tow* i. e. in state of readiness. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 2. *The rest of your fees*] We sl read — *foes*. WARBURTON.

P. 56, l. 4. *The common* lag *of people,*] copy — *leg*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MA The *fag*-end of a web of cloth is, in places, called the *lag*-end. STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 17. Your *perfection*, is *the hi of your excellence*. JOHNSON.

P. 56, l. 24. *Time's flies,*] Flies of a se JOH

P. 56, l. 26. *Minute-jacks!*] Sir T. her thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which *nes and disappears* in a instant. What it *know not*; but it was something of quick m *mentioned in Richard III.* JOHNSON.

A minute-jack is what called formerly a *Jac*
of the clock-house; an image whose office wa
the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church
in Fleet-street. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 27. *Of man, and beast, the infinite malady*] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

P. 57, l. 5. 1. *Lord.* How now, my Lords?] This and the next speech are spokeen by the newly arrived lords. MALONE.

P. 57, l. 20. *One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.*] As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthless guests, except warm water and empty dishes, I am inclined to believe that the more ancient drama described in p. 289, had been read by our author, and that he supposed he had introduced from it the "painted *stones*" as part of his banquet; though in reality he had omitted them. The present mention therefore of such missiles, appears to want propriety. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 3. — *general filths*] i. e. common ;wers. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 4. — *green* —] i. e. immature. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 10. 11. — *maid, to thy master's bed;*
Thy mistress is o'the brothel!] So the old ies. Sir T Hanmer reads, i'the brothel. JOHNSON.

ne would suppose it to mean, that the mistress ented the brothel; and so Sir T. Hanmer un- od it. RITSON.

e *meaning* is, go to thy master's bed, for he e; thy mistress is now of the brothel; is ere. In the old copy, i'th', o'th', and

contrarieties whose nature it is to
each other. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 19. *And* yet *conf*
T. Hanmer reads, *let* confusion
may be, *though by such conj*
seem to hasten to dissolution,
solution come, but the mise
continue. JOHNSON.

P. 58, l. 24. *Liberty* is her
nism. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 34. — *multiplyin*
accumulated curses. *Multiplyi*
the *active* participle with *a pas*

P. 59, l. 7. *Enter* FLAVIUS,
Servants.] Nothing contributes
altation of Timon's character
fidelity of his servants. Nothir
can be honoured by domestick's
partial kindness can gain affectio

P. 59, l. 19 - 22. *As we do*
From *our companion*,
grave;
So his familiars to *his bu*
Slink all away;] So the
T. Hanmer reads *from* instead
reading might stand. JOHNSO

I should suppose that the words *from*, in the second line, and *to* in the third line, have been misplaced, and that the original reading was:

As we do turn our backs
To our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from *his buried fortunes*
Slink all away; ——.

When we leave a person, we turn our backs *to* him, not *from* him. M. MASON.

So those who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the most ample manner participated of them, slink all away, &c. MALONE.

P. 60, l. 18. *O, the* fierce *wretchedness that glory brings us!*] I believe *fierce* is here used for *hasty, precipitate.* STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 26. — *Strange, unusual* blood.] Of this passage, I suppose, every reader would wish for a correction: but the word, harsh as it is, stands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propose. Perhaps,

—— *Strange, unusual* mood,

may, by some, be thought better, and by others worse. JOHNSON.

In *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* seems to be used for *inclination, propensity:*

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Strange, unusual blood, may therefore mean, strange unusual disposition. STEEVENS.

Throughout these plays *blood* is frequently used *in the sense* of natural propensity or disposition. MALONE

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this satirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the esteem of superficial and corrupt judgments, than between a fat sheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear sense, even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as it stands in the original edition:

It is the pastour *lards the* brother's sides,
The want that makes him leave.

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus:

It is the pasture *lards the* beggar's sides,
The want that makes him lean.

And upon this reading of no authority, a rather other equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made, where necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine ing will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *contempt hereditary*, and *wealth native* To illustrate this position, having already tioned the case of a poor and rich brother, marks, that this preference is given to those whom it least becomes; *it is the that greases or* flatters *the rich* brother, grease him on till *want make him* lean. poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to man*, this pastour *is a flatterer*; the universal; through all the world *the lean* with allusion to the pastour, *ducks to fool*. If it be objected, as it may, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, remember the mention of *grace* and *this play*, and many such anachronisms *others*. I would therefore read thus,

copy — *deny't* that lord. Where is the sense and English of *deny't that lord?* Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be referr'd? And it would be absurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raise* that lord. The antithesis must be, let fortune *raise* this beggar, and let her *strip* and *despoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which sense is completed by this slight alteration:

——— *and* denude *that lord*; ———.

So, Charles the First, in his message to the parliament says; "*Denude* ourselves of all."

WARBURTON.

Perhaps the former reading, however irregular, is the true one. Raise me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not so high a title in the state, but that a man originally poor might be raised to one above it. We might read *devest* that lord. *Devest* is an English law phrase, which Shakspeare uses in *King Lear*:

"Since now we will *devest* us both of rule," &c.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however, uncommon. STEVENS.

P. 61, l. 24. 25. *It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,*

The want that makes him lean, &c.] This as the editors have ordered it, is an idle repetition at the best; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same sentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakspeare meant quite a different thing: and having, like a sensible writer, made a smart observation, he illustrates it by a similitude thus: —

It is the pasture lards the wether's sides,
The want that makes him lean.

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this satirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the esteem of superficial and corrupt judgements, than between a fat sheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear sense, even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as it stands in the original edition:

It is the pastour *lards the* brother's *sides,*
The want that makes him leave.

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus:

It is the pasture *lards the* beggar's sides,
The want that makes him lean.

And upon this reading of no authority, raised another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *bears contempt hereditary*, and *wealth native honour.* To illustrate this position, having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes; *it is the* pastour *that greases or* flatters *the rich* brother, and will grease him on till *want make him leave.* The poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to say this man*, this pastour *is a flatterer*; the crime is universal; through all the world *the learned pate*, with allusion to the pastour, *ducks to the golden fool.* If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of grace and cherubim in *this play*, and many such anachronisms in many *others.* I would therefore read thus,

It is the pastour *lards the* brother's *sides,*
'Tis *want that makes him* leave.

The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *pasterer.* STEEVENS.

In this very difficult passage, which still remains obscure, some liberty may be indulged. Dr. Farmer proposes to read it thus:

It is the pasterer *lards the* broader *sides,*
The gaunt *that makes him* leave.

And in support of this conjecture, he observes, that the Saxon *d* is frequently converted into *th*, as in murther, *murder*, burthen, *burden*, &c.

REED.

That the passage is corrupt as it stands in the old copy, no one, I suppose, can doubt; emendation therefore in this and a few other places, is not a matter of choice but necessity. I have already more than once observed, that many corruptions have crept into the old copy, by the transcriber's ear deceiving him. MALONE.

P. 61, l. 29. *Grize* for step or degree. POPE.

P. 62, l. 4. — *fang* —] i. e. seize, gripe.

STEEVENS.

P. 62, l. 9. *I am no idle votarist.*] No insincere or inconstant supplicant. *Gold* will not serve me instead of *roots.* JOHNSON.

P. 62, l. 9. — Roots, you *clear heavens!*] This may mean either ye *cloudless skies*, or *ye deities exempt from guilt.* Shakspeare mentions the *clearest gods* in *King Lear.* STEEVENS.

P. 62, l. 15–17. —— *Why* this
Will lug your priests and servants from
your sides;] Aristophanes, *in his Plutus*, Act V. sc. ii. makes a

priest of Jupiter desert his service
Plutus. WARBURTON.

P. 62, l. 18. *Pluck stout men's*
below their
men who have strength yet remainin
with their distemper. This alludes t
tom of drawing away the pillow fro
heads of men in their last agonies, t
departure the easier. But the Oxford
posing *stout* to signify *healthy*, alt
and this he calls emending. WARBUR

P. 62, l. 24. *That makes the wa*
wed again;
wappen'd signifies both sorrowful
either for the loss of a good husband
treatment of a bad. But gold, he sa
come both her affection and her fea

Of *wappened* I have found no e
know any meaning. To *awhape* is
ser in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I
either of the senses mentioned. I
wained, for *decayed by time*. JOH

Several contemporary writers wo
The widow whose curiosity and
been already gratified. So, in *Ha*

"The instances that second marr
"Are base respects of *thrift*,
love."

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*
according to its primitive meaning, t
ment may be discovered there. Ther
ever, *be some* corruption in the text.
had rather read — weeping widow
Mr. Steevens has fully supported
apprehension, nor do I suspect

Unwapper'd is used by Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, for *fresh*, the opposite of *stale*; and perhaps we should read there *unwappen'd*.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation however, is, I think, not quite exact, because it appears to me likely to mislead the reader with respect to the general import of the passage. Shakspeare means not to account for the wappen'd widow's *seeking a* husband, (though "her *curiosity* has been *gratified*,") but for her *finding* one. It is her gold, says he, that induces some one (more attentive to *thrift* than *love*) to *accept* in marriage the hand of the *experienced* and *o'er-worn* widow. — *Wed* is here used for *wedded*.

If *wed* is used as a verb, the words mean, *that effects or produces her second marriage.*

MALONE.

I believe, *unwapper'd* means undebilitated by venery, i. e. not *halting under crimes many and stale.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Tyrwhitt explains *wap'd*, in the line cited from Chaucer, by *stupified*; a sense which accords with the other instances adduced by Mr. Steevens, as well as with Shakspeare. The *wappen'd* widow, is one who is no longer alive to those pleasures, the desire of which was her first inducement to marry. HENLEY.

I suspect that there is another error in this passage, which has escaped the notice of the editors, and that we should read — "*woo'd* again," instead of "*wed* again." That a woman should wed *again*, however wapper'd, [or wappen'd] is no*thing* extraordinary. The extraordinary circum*stance is*, that she should be woo'd again, and become an object of desire. M. MASON.

——— *they love thee not that use thee,*
Leaving with thee their lust; give them diseases,
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; ——. JOHNSON.

P. 64, l. 26–28. — *bring down rose-cheeked youth*
To the tub-fast, *and the diet.*] Old copy — *fub-fast.* One might make a very long and vain search, yet not be able to meet with this preposterous word *fub-fast*, which has nothwistanding passed current with all the editors. We should read — *tub-fast.* The author is alluding to the lues venerea and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Freind, in his *History of Physick*, Vol. II. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself was macerated." Wiseman says, in England they used a *tub* for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days (as he observes, p. 375.) and during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary *abstinence* required. Hence the term of *the tub-fast.* WARBURTON.

A passage in *Measure for Measure* fully supports the emendation.

"Truly, Sir, she [the bawd] hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the *tub.*"

MALONE.

In the Latin comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium*, which was probably written by T. Randolph, there is a frontispiece representing the sweating-tub, which from the name of the unfortunate patient, was afterwards called *Cornelius's tub*, as appears from the Dictionaries of Cotgrave and Howell. Some account of the sweating-tub with a cut of it may be seen in Ambrose Paraeus's Work's, by Johnson, p. 48, or in the *Recuell de Proverbes par Jacques Lagniet.* For another print of this tub, see *Holmes' Academy of Armory.* DOUCE.

P. 65, l. 25–27. *Be as a planetary plague, when Jove*
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air:] This is wonderfully sublime and picturesque. WARBURTON.

P. 65, l. 32–35. — *for those milk-paps,*
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,] The virgin that shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is almost confirmed by the following passage in *Cymbeline*:

"—— or let her beauty
"*Look through a* casement *to allure false hearts,*
"*And* be false with them."

Shakspeare at the same time might aim a ...

which is also animadverted on by several contemporary dramatists. STEEVENS.

I do not believe any particular satire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerset, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus represented in their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehensible than the ladies of the present day, who from the same extravagant pursuit of what is called fashion, run into an opposite extreme. MALONE.

I have not hitherto met with any ancient portrait of a modest English woman, in which the *papillae exertae* were exhibited as described on the present occasion by Shakspeare; for he alludes not only to what he has called in his celebrated song, the "hills of snow," but to the "pinks that grow" upon their summits. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read nearly thus:

—— nor *those milk paps,*
That through the widow's barb *bore at men's eyes,*
Are not within the leaf of pity writ.

The use of the doubled negative is so common in Shakspeare, that it is unnecessary to support it by instances. The *barbe*, I believe, was a kind of *veil;* Cressida, in *Chaucer*, who appears as a *widow*, is described as wearing a *barbe*, *Troilus and Cressida*, Book II. v. 110. in which place Caxton's edition (as I learn from the Glossary) reads — *wimple*, which certainly signifies a *veil*, and was probably substituted as a synonymous word for *barbe*, the more antiquated reading of the manuscripts. *Unbarbed* is used by Shakspeare for *uncovered*, in Coriolanus, Act III. sc. v:

"Must I go shew them my unbarbed sconce?"

See also Leland's Collectanea, Vol. V. p. 317.

new edit. where the ladies, mourning at the funeral of Queen Mary, are mentioned as having *their barbes above their chinnes*. TYRWHITT.

The folios read — *barne*, and not improperly; *en* is a common termination of a Saxon plural, which we in numberless instances retain to this day. The word is to be explained by *bars*, but should not have been removed from the text. RITSON.

P. 66, l. 1-4. — *Spare not the babe,*
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;] For *exhaust*, Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read — *extort*; but *exhaust* here signifies literally to *draw forth*. JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 5. 6. *Think it a bastard, whom the oracle*
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,] An allusion to the tale of Oedipus. JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 7. — *Swear against objects;*] Perhaps *objects* is here used *provincially* for *abjects*. FARMER.

Against objects is, against objects of charity and compassion. M. MASON.

P. 66, l. 23-25. *Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,*
And to make whores, a bawd.] That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores. JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 30-32. — *spare your oaths,*
I'll trust to your conditions;] You need not swear to continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

P. 67, first l. And be no turncoats:] By an old statute, those women who lived in a state of

prostitution, were, among other articles concerning their dress, enjoined to wear their garments, with the *wrong-side outward*, on pain of forfeiting them. Perhaps there is in this passage a reference to it. HENLEY.

I do not perceive how this explanation of — *turncoat*, will accord with Timon's train of reasoning; yet the antiquary may perhaps derive satisfaction from that which affords no assistance to the commentator. STEEVENS.

P. 67, l. 1-3. *Yet may your pains, six months,*
Be quite contrary.] This is obscure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expression. The meaning is this: he had said before, follow constantly your trade of debauchery: that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the severe discipline necessary for the repair of those disorders that your debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be spent in these different occupations. On this account he goes on, and says, *Make false hair*, &c. WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on easier terms. We may read:

—— *Yet may your pains six months*
Be quite contraried: ——.

Timon is wishing ill to mankind, but is afraid lest the whores should imagine that he wishes well *to them*; to obviate which he lets them know, that *he imprecates* upon them influence enough to plague *others*, and disappointments enough to plague

themselves. He wishes that they may do all possible mischief, and yet take *pains six months* of the year in vain.

In this sense there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and paint.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was advised not to *contrary* to the King. JOHNSON.

If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, which I do not believe, the present words appear to me to admit it, as well as the reading he would introduce. Such unnecessary deviations from the text should ever be avoided. Dr. Warburton's is a very natural interpretation, which cannot often be said of the expositions of that commentator. The words that follow fully support it: "And thatch your poor thin roofs," &c. i. e. after you have lost the greater part of your hair by disease, and the medicines that for six months you have been obliged to take, then procure an artificial covering," &c. MALONE.

I believe this means, — Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on harlots in houses of correction.

STEEVENS.

These words should be included in a parenthesis. Johnson wishes to connect them with the following sentences, but that cannot be, as they contain an imprecation, and the following lines contain an instruction. Timon is giving instructions to those women; but, in the middle of his instructions *his misanthrophy* breaks forth in an *imprecation against* them. I have no objection to the

reading of *contraried*, instead of *contrary*, b
it does not seem to be necessary. M. Mason.

P. 67, l. 3-5. — *And thatch your poor th*
roofs
With burdens of the dead;] About the ye
1595, when the fashion became general in Engla
of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was e
the produce of a single head, it was dangerous f
any child to wander, as nothing was more co
mon than for women to entice such as had fi
locks into private places, and there to cut the
off. I have this information from Stubb's *An*
tomy of Abuses, which I have often quoted
the article of dress. To this fashion the writers
Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been r
conciled. So, in *A mad world my Maste*
1608: "—— to wear perriwigs made of *anothe*
hair, is not this against kind?"

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, Bo
IX. ch. xlvii. is likewise very severe on this fashi
Stowe informs us, that "women's *periwigs* w
first brought into England about the time of t
massacre of Paris." Steevens.

P. 67, l. 15. 16. — *strike their sharp shi*
And mar men's spurring.] Sir T. Hann
reads — *sparring*, properly enough, if there
any ancient example of the word. Johnson.

Spurring is certainly right. The disease th
enfeebled their *shins* would have this effect.
Steeve

P. 67, l. 18. *Quillets* are subtilties.
Steeve

Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, rend
quillets, *res frivola*, recula. Malone.

P. 67, l. 18. — hoar *the* flamen,] Mr. Up
would read — *hoarse*, i. e. make hoarse, fo

be *hoary* claims reverence. "Add to this (says he) that *hoarse* is here most proper, as opposed to *scolds*. It may, however, mean, — Give the flamen the *hoary leprosy*." STEEVENS.

P. 67, l. 21–23. — *take the bridge quite away*
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal:] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To *foresee his particular*, is *to provide for his private advantage*, for which *he leaves the right scent of publick good*. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds *to smell from the general weal, and foresee own particular*. Shakspeare, who seems to have been a skilfull sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps alludes here to hunting. [Dr. Warburton would read — *forefend*, i. e. (as he interprets the word) provide for, secure.]

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he uses *forefend* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend*, is, I think, never to *provide for*, but to *provide against*. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative sense. JOHNSON.

P. 67, l. 30. To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. To *ungrave* was likewise to turn out of a grave. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 4. — *thou spok'st well of me.*] Shakspeare in this as in many other places, appears to *allude* to the sacred writings: "Woe unto him of *whom all men speak well!*" MALONE.

P. 68, l. 14-17. — *Common mother, thou,*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all;] This image is taken from the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia, called παναολος φυσις παντων μητηρ; and is a very good comment on those extraordinary figures. See Montfaucon, *l'Antiquité expliquée*, Lib. III. ch. xv. Hesiod, alluding to the same representations calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΥΡΥ-ΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ. WARBURTON.

Whose infinite breast means no more than *whose boundless surface.* Shakspeare probably knew nothing of the statue to which the commentator alludes. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 20. — *eyeless venom'd worm,*] The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blindworm*, and the Latins, *caecilia.* JOHNSON.

P. 68, l. 21. — *below* crisp *heaven*] We should read — *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 25. 26. *Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,*
Let it no more bring out *ingrateful man!*] It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth.*
JOHNSON.

Neither Dr. Warburton nor Dr. Johnson seem to have been aware of the import of this passage. It was the great boast of the Athenians that they were αυτοχθονες; *sprung* from the soil on *which they lived*; and it is in allusion to this

that the terms *common mother* and *bring out*, are applied to the *ground*. HENLEY.

Though Mr. Henley, as a scholar, could not be unacquainted with this Athenian boast, I fear that Shakspeare knew no more of it than of the many-breasted Diana of Ephesus, brought forward by Dr. Warburton in a preceding note. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 31–35. *Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;*
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.] The sense is this; *O nature! cease* to *produce men, ensear thy womb;* but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows*, on which they fatten with *unctuous morsels*, thy *vines*, which give them *liquorish draughts*, and thy *plow-torn leas*. Here are effects corresponding with causes, *liquorish draughts*, with *vines*, and *unctuous morsels* with *marrows*, and the old reading literally preserved. JOHNSON.

P. 69, l. 8–10. *This is in thee a nature but affected*
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune.] The old copy reads *infected*, and *change of* future. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

P. 69, l. 14. Hug *their* diseas'd perfumes, i. e. their diseas'd perfumed mistresses. MALONE.

P. 69, l. 15. 16. — *Shame not these woods,*
By putting on the cunning of a carper.]
For the philiosophy of a Cynic, of which sect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:

"—— Do not assume my likeness."
WARBURTON.

Cunning here seems to signify *counterfeit appearance.* JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critick. Shame not these woods, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. There is no apparent reason why Apemantus (according to Dr. Warburton's explanation) should ridicule his own sect. STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 33. — *moss'd* trees,] Old copy — *moist* trees. Sir T. Hanmer reads very elegantly,

—— moss'd *trees.* JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV:

"Under an oak, whose boughs were *moss'd* with age." STEEVENS.

Moss'd is, I believe, the true reading.
MALONE.

I have inserted this reading in the text, because there is less propriety in the epithet — *moist*; it being a known truth that trees become more and more *dry*, as they encrease in age. STEEVENS.

P. 69, last l. That have *outliv'd the eagle*,] *Aquilae Senectus* is a proverb. I learn from *Turberville's Book of Falconry*, 1575, that the *great age* of this bird has been ascertained from *the circumstance* of its always building in *eyrie, or nest, in* the *same* place. STEEVENS.

P. 70, l. 18–22. Apem. *To vex thee.*
Tim. *Always a villain's office, or a fool's.*
Dost please thyself in't?
Apem. *Ay.*
Tim. *What! a knave too?*] Timon had just called Apemantus *fool*, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes *to vex him*, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool*; that *to vex by design* is *villainy*, *to vex without design* is *folly*. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight *in vexing*, and when he answers, *yes*, Timon replies, — *What! a knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but now I find thee likewise a *knave*. JOHNSON.

P. 70, l. 26. 27. — Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, *is crown'd before*:]
Arrives sooner at *high wish*; that is, at the *completion of its wishes*. JOHNSON.

P. 70, l. 29–31. — *Best state, contentless,*
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.] Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. JOHNSON.

P. 70, l. 33. — *by his breath,*] It means, I believe, by his *counsel*, by his *direction*.
JOHNSON.

By his breath, I believe, is meant his *sentence*.
STEEVENS.

By his *breath* means in our author's language, by his *voice* or *speech*, and so in fact by his sentence. Shakspeare frequently uses the word in *this sense*. MALONE.

P. 70, last l. — *bred a dog.*] Alluding to the word *Cynick*, of which sect Apemantus was.

WARBURTON.

For the etymology of *Cynick* our author was not obliged to have recourse to the Greek language. The dictionaries of his time furnished him with it. After all, however, I believe Shakspeare only meant, thou wert born in a low state, and used from thy infancy to hardships. MALONE.

P. 71, first l. and fol. *Hadst thou, like us,* &c.] There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence:

"God grant your Lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your Lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore,* dear Earl, that I have stolen and

buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*" JOHNSON.

P. 71, first l. — *from our first swath,*] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

P. 71, l. 9. *The icy precepts of respect,*] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

Respect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira-t-on?* the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood; what Mr. Burke, in his admirable *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, has emphatically styled "one of the greatest controuling powers on earth, the *sense of fame and estimation*." STEEVENS.

Timon cannot mean by the word *respect*, obedience to the laws, as Johnson supposes; for a poor man is more likely to be impressed with a reverence for the laws, than one in a station of nobility and affluence. *Respect* may possibly mean, as Steevens supposes, a *regard* to the opinion of the world: but I think it has a more enlarged signification, and implies a consideration of consequences, whatever they may be.

M. MASON.

"The icy precepts of *respect*" mean the cold admonitions of *cautious prudence*, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action.

MALONE.

P. 71, l. 10. 11. *But myself, &c.*] The connection here requires some alteration. But is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately

precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adversative particle refers to the two first lines:

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
——— *But myself,*
Who had the world as my confectionary; &c.

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion. JOHNSON.

P. 71, l. 14. —— more than I could *frame employment*;] i. e. frame employment *for*. Shakspeare frequently writes thus. MALONE.

P. 71, l. 24. —— *poor rag,*] If we read —*poor rogue*, it will correspond rather better to what follows. JOHNSON.

In *King Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour; in the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned; and John Florio speaks of a "tara-*rag* player." STEEVENS.

We now use the word *ragamuffin* in the same sense. M. MASON.

The term is yet used. The lowest of the people are yet denominated —*Tag, rag*, &c. MALONE.

P. 71, l. 28. 29. *If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,*
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue *enough for the vices* which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by lowest, which

somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtility of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble. JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *King Lear*, a *finical superserviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable ices, he would have been profitably vicious.

STEVENS.

P. 72, l. 31. — *for too much curiosity*;] i. e. r too much *finical* delicacy. The Oxford editor ers it to *courtesy*. WARBURTON.

P. 72, last l. *Ay, though it look like thee,*] noun here supposes that an objection against ed, which through the whole tenor of the conation appears an argument for it. One would expected him to have answered,

Yes, for it looks like thee.

old edition, which always gives thee pronoun d of the affirmative particle, has it,

, though it look like thee.

s we should read,

thought *it* look'd *like thee*. JOHNSON.

3, l. 29–31. — *wert thou the unicorn, and wrath would confound thee, and itine own self the conquest of thy fury:*] ount given of the unicorn is this: that he lion bring enemies by nature, as soon as sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a unicorn in his fury, and with all the

precedes is not opposed to that which follows. T
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Yes, for it looks like thee.

The old edition, which always gives thee pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it look like thee.

Perhaps we should read,

I thought *it* look'd *like thee.* JOHNSON.

P. 73, l. 29-31. — *wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest* of thy fury:] The *account* given of the unicorn is this: that he *and the lion* bring enemies by nature, as soon as *the lion* sees the unicorn he betakes himself to *tree*: the unicorn in his fury, and with all

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

—— *you want much of* men.

They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want.* Here is an ambiguity between *much want*, and *want* of *much.* Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want is*, that, like other men, *they want much of meat;* then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read:

Your greatest want is, you want much of me.

Rejecting the two last letters of the word. The sense will then be — your greatest want is that you expect supplies of *me* from whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in my situation. Dr. Farmer, however, with no small probability, would point the passage as follows:

Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat
Why should you want? Behold, &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 30. and fol. — *Behold, the earth hath roots;*
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs: &c.]

"Vile olus, et duris hærentia mora rubetis,
"Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:
"Flumine vicino stultus sitit."

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions.

JOHNSON.

P. 77, l. 8. To *con thanks* is a very common expression among our old dramatick writers.

STEEVENS.

P. 77, l. 12. — *limited professions.*] *Limited* for legal. WARBURTON.

Regular, orderly, professions. MALONE.

P. 77, l. 21–28. — *I'll example you with thievery:*

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon *into* salt *tears: the earth's a thief,*
That feeds and breeds by a composture *stolen*
From general excrement:] The *moon* is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the *surges* of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea all rob, and are robbed.

JOHNSON.

He says simply, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea*, rob one another by turns, but the earth *robs them all*: the sea, i. e. liquid surge, by *supplying* the *moon* with moisture, [illegible] always

of the moon as a gradual dissolution of it
have attributed to this melting of the moo
increase of the sea at the time she disappears.
might, it is true, be told, that there is a
increase in the tides when the moon become
but when popular notions are once establish
reasons urged against them are but little a
to. It may also be observed, that the
when viewed through a telescope, has a
appearance, and seems to have drops of
suspended from the rim of it; to which ci
stance Shakspeare probably alludes in Ma
where Hecate says:

"Upon the corner of the *moon*
"There hangs a *vaporous* drop," &c.

M.

Shakspeare knew that the moon was the
of the tides; [See *The Tempest*;] and in

lude to the *watry* quality of that planet. In *Romeo and Juliet*, he speaks of her "*watry beams.*" Again, more appositely in *King Richard III:*

"That I, being *govern'd* by the *watry moon*,
"May bring forth plenteous *tears*, to drown the world."

Salt is so often applied by Shakspeare to *tears*, that there can be no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *dew*, at all in his thoughts. Mr. Tollet idly conjectures, (for conjecture is always idle where there is little difficulty,) that we should read — The *main*, i. e. the main land or continent. So, *King Henry IV.* Part II. Act. III. sc. i: "The continent melt itself into the sea." An observation made by this gentleman in *Love's Labour's Lost*, had he recollected it, might have prevented him from attempting to disturb the text here: "No alteration should be made in these lines that destroys the artificial structure of them." — In the first line the sun is the *thief;* in the second he is himself *plundered* by that thief, the moon. The moon is subjected to the same fate, and, from being a *plunderer*, is herself *robbed* of moisture (line 5th and 6th) by the sea.

MALONE.

I cannot say for a certainty whether *Albumazar* or this play was first written, as *Timon* made its earliest appearance in the folio, 1623. Between *Albumazar* and *The Alchymist* there has been likewise a contest for the right of eldership. The original of *Albumazar* was an Italian comedy called *Lo Astrologo*, written by Battista Porta, the famous physiognomist of Naples, and printed at *Venice* in 1606. The translator is said to have been a Mr. Tomkis, of Trinity College, Cam-

bridge. The *Alchymist* was brought on in 1610, which is four years before *Albumazar* was performed for the entertainment of King James; and Ben Jonson in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced a new subject and new characters on the stage:

"—— *petere inde coronam*
"*Unde prius nully velarint tempora musae.*"

The play of *Albumazar* was not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company till April 26, 1615. In *Albumazar*, however, such examples of thievery likewise occur:

"The world's a theatre of theft: Great rivers
"Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.
"And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
"Guts from the stomach steal; and what they spare
"The meseraicks filch, and lay't a'the liver;
"Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,
"'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,
"And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,
"In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property
"Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.
"Now all these pilferies, couch'd, and compass'd in order,
"Frame thee and me: Man's a quick mass of thievery." STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, quotes some one of a "reasonable good facilitie in translation, who finding certaine of Anacreon's Odes very well translated by Ronsard the French

French poet — comes our minion, and translates the same out of French into English:" and his strictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in the Ronsard; and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of transcribing it:

"La terre les eaux va boivant;
"L'arbre la boit par sa racine,
"La mer salee boit le vent,
"Et le soleil boit la marine.
"Le soleil est beu de la lune,
"Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas:
"Suivant ceste reigle commune,
"Pourquoy donc ne boirons-nous pas?"

Edit. fol. p. 507.

FARMER.

The name of the wretched plagiarist stigmatized by Puttenham, was *John Southern*, as appears from the only copy of his Poems that has hitherto been discovered. He is mentioned by Drayton in one of his Odes. See also the *European Magazine*, for June 1788. STEEVENS.

Composture, i. e. composition, compost.

STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 4–6. *'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.*] The reason of his advice, says the thief, is *malice to mankind*, not any kindness to us, or desire *to have us thrive in our mystery.* JOHNSON.

P. 78, l. 9. 10. 1. Thief. *Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.*] (Dr. Warburton divides *these lines* between the two thieves.) This and the *concluding* little speech have in all the editions *been placed* to one speaker: But, it is evident, th

latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *second* thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade. WARBURTON.

The second thief has just said, he'll give over his trade. It is time enough for that, says the first thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a *true*, i. e. an honest man. I have explained this easy passage, because it has, I think, been misunderstood.

Our author has made Mrs. Quickly utter nearly the same exhortation to the dying Falstaff. "—Now I bid him not think of God; *there was time enough* for that yet." MALONE.

P. 78, l. 17. *An alteration of honour*, is an *alteration* of an *honourable state* to a state of disgrace. JOHNSON.

P. 78, l. 21. *How* rarely *does it meet with this time's guise,*] *Rarely* for fitly; not for seldom. WARBURTON.

How curiously; how happily. MALONE.

P. 78, l. 22. *When man was* wish'd *to love his enemies:*] We should read *will'd*. He forgets his Pagan system here again. WARBURTON.

Wish'd is right. It means *recommended*. REED.

P. 78, l. 25. 21. — *I may ever love, and rather woo*
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!] It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity;* for the friend is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the enemy. The sense is, *Let* me *rather woo* or caress those

that would *mischief*, *that* profess to mean me mischief, *than those* that really *do* me *mischief*, *under false professions of kindness.* The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.* This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage. JOHNSON.

P. 79, l. 8. *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a *servant* and a *rascal.* JOHNSON.

P. 79, l. 16. 17. — *eyes do never give,*
But thorough lust., and laughter. Pity's *sleeping:*] I do not know that any correction is necessary, but I think we might read:

——— *ever do never give,*
But thorough lust and laughter, pity *sleeping:* ——.

Eyes never flow (to *give* is to dissolve, as saline bodies in moist weather,) *but by lust* or *laughter,* undisturb'd *by* emotions of *pity.* JOHNSON.

P. 79, l. 26. 27. — *It almost turns*
My dangerous nature wild.] i. e. It almost turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature; for, by *dangerous nature* is meant *wildness.* Shakspeare wrote:

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

i. e. It almost reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that, he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an exception but for one man. To which the Oxford editor says, *recte.*

WARBURTON.

This emendation is specious, but even this may be controverted. To *turn* wild is to distract. *An appearance* so unexpected, says Timon, *almost turns my savageness* to distraction.

cordingly he examines with nicety lest his phre
should deceive him:

"——— Let me behold
"Thy face. — Surely, this man was b
of woman. —"

And to this suspected disorder of mind he allu

"Perpetual-*sober* gods!"

Ye powers whose intellects are out of the reach perturbation. JOHNSON.

He who is so much disturbed as to have command over his actions, and to be *danger* to all around him, is already distracted, and therefore it would be idle to talk of *turning* a "a dangerous nature wild:" it is wild alre Besides; the baseness and ingratitude of the wo might very properly be mentioned as driving mon into frenzy. But surely the kindness fidelity of his steward was more likely to so and compose him: that is, to render his danger nature *mild*. I therefore strongly incline to Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

P. 80, l. 7. 8. *Is not thy kindness sub*
covetous,
If not *a usuring kindness*; ——] *If* seems to have slipt in here, by an error of press, from the preceding line. Both the se and the metre would be better without it.

TYRWH

I do not see any need of change. Timon a — *Has not thy kindness some covert desig Is it not proposed with a view to gain so* equivalent *in return*, or *rather to gain* a g deal more *than thou offerest? Is it not least the offspring of avarice*, if not of so *thing worse, of usury?* In this there appea *me no difficulty.* MALONE.

My opinion most perfectly coincides with that of
. Tyrwhitt. The sense of the line, with or
hout the contested words, is nearly the same;
, by the omission of them, the metre would
ome sufficiently regular. STEEVENS.
'. 80, l. 31. — Thou shalt build *from men;*]
ay from human habitations. JOHNSON.
'. 81, l. 14. *Enter* Poet *and* Painter; TIMON
ind, unseen.] The Poet and the Painter were
iin view when Apemantus parted from Timon,
might then have seen Timon, since Apeman-
, standing by him could see them: But the
es of the thieves and steward have passed be-
their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama
row conducted, within their view. It might
suspected, that some scenes are transposed, for
these difficulties would be removed by intro-
ing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves
this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must
p their present order, for the Painter alludes
he thieves when he says, *he likewise enriched*
r straggling soldiers with great quantity.
s impropriety is now heightened by placing the
ves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in
ther: but it must be remembered, that in the
inal edition this play is not divided into se-
ate acts, so that the present distribution is ar-
ary, and may be changed if any convenience
be gained, or impropriety obviated by alter-
. JOHNSON.
n the immediately preceding scene, Flavius,
non's steward, has a conference with his mas-
, *and receives* gold from him. Between this
the present scene, a single minute cannot be
osed to pass; and yet the Painter tells

mighty sum. — Where was it said? Why in Athens, whence, it must therefore seem, they are but newly come. Here then should be fixed the commencement of the fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for Rumour to publish his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this case to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the last scene of the preceding act, and before the thieves appear? It is possible, that when this play was abridged for representation, all between this passage, and the entrance of the Poet and Painter, may have been omitted by the players, and these words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was published at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and the Painter to see Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his presence necessary at their interview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city. RITSON.

I am afraid, many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have employed their abilities to remove, arise from the negligence of Shakspeare himself, who appears to have been less attentive to the connection of his scenes, than a less hasty writer may be supposed to have been. On the present occasion I have changed the beginning of the act, as I conceive some impropriety is obviated by the alteration. It is but justice to observe, that the same regulation has already been adopted by Mr. Capell. REED.

I perceive no difficulty. It is easy to suppose that the Poet and Painter, after having been seen at a distance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods separately in search of Timon's habita-

tion. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they set out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the *Thieves* and the *Steward* might have been gain'd in his rambles: Or, having searched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been descried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty. — But Shakspeare was not very attentive to these minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the several persons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not scruple to impart this knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.

The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding scene, has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be supposed to have elapsed between this and the last. MALONE.

P. 81, l. 25. 26. — *you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.*] This allusion is scriptural, and occurs in *Psalm* xcii. 11: "The righteous shall *flourish* like a *palm*-tree." STEEVENS.

P. 82, l. 12. 13. — *and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use.*] *The* doing *of that which we have* said *we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our* promise, is, except *among the lower classes* of mankind, quite out *of use.* MALONE.

P. 82, l. 20. 21. — *It must be a personating*

of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity;] *Personating*, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was Timon's *case*, not his *person*. WARBURTON.

P. 82, l. 32. — *black*-corner'd *night*,] An anonymous correspondent sent me this observation: "As the shadow of the earth's body, which is round, must be necessarily conical over the hemisphere which is opposite to the sun, should we not read *black-coned?* See *Paradise Lost*, Book IV."

To this observation I might add a sentence from Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, B. II: "Neither is the night any thing else but the shade of the earth. Now the figure of this shadow resembleth a pyramis pointed forward, or a top turned upside down."

I believe, nevertheless, that Shakspeare, by this expression, meant only Night which is as obscure as a *dark corner*. In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "*a Duke of dark corners.*" Mr. M. Mason proposes to read, "black-*crown'd* night;" another correspondent, "black-*cover'd* night." STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 14. — *counterfeit*] It has been already observed, that a *portrait* was so called in our author's time. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 9. — *a* made-up *villain.*] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. JOHNSON.

A *made-up* villain, may mean a *complete*, a *finished* villain. M. MASON.

P. 85, l. 12. *Nor I.*] As it may be supposed (perhaps I am repeating a remark already made on a similar occasion) that our author designed his Poet's address to be not less respectful than

that of his Painter, he might originally have finished this defective verse, by writing:

Nor I, my Lord. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 16. — drown them in a *draught*, That is, in the *jakes*. JOHNSON.

P. 85, l. 20–25. *You that way, and you this*, but *two in company*: —

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

This is an imperfect sentence, and is to be supplied thus, *But two in company* spoils all. WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company*, that is, stand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain. JOHNSON.

There are not two words more frequently mistaken for each other, in the printing of these plays, than *but* and *not*. I have no doubt but that mistake obtains in this passage, and that we should read it thus:

—— not *two in company*:
Each man apart, ——. M. MASON.

The first of these lines has been rendered obscure by false pointing; that is, by connecting the words, "but two in company," with the subsequent line, instead of connecting them with the preceding hemistick. The second and third line are put in apposition with the first line, and are merely an illustration of the assertion contained in it. Do you (says Timon) go that way, and you this, and yet still *each* of you will have two in *your company*: each of you, though single and *alone*, will be *accompanied* by an arch-villain, *each man*, being himself —.

villain along with him, and so each of you will have two in company. It is a mere quibble founded on the word *company*. See the former speech, in which Timon exhorts *each* of them to "hang or stab *the villain* in his *company*," i. e. himself. The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Promos and Cassandra*, puts the meaning beyond a doubt. MALONE.

P. 87, l. 2. — *caut'rizing* —] The old copy reads — *cantherizing*; the poet might have written, *cancering*. STEEVENS.

To *cauterize* was a word of our author's time; being found in Bullokar's *English Expository*, octavo, 1616, where it is explained, "To burn to a sore." It is the word of the old copy, with the *u* changed to an *n*, which has happened in almost every one of these plays. MALONE.

P. 87, l. 14. — *with one consent of love.*] With one united voice of affection. So, in Sternhold's translation of the 100th *Psalm*:

"With one *consent* let all the earth."

All our old writers spell the word improperly, *consent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus*. MALONE.

This sense of the word consent, or *concent*, was originally pointed out and ascertained in a note on the first scene of the first part of *King Henry VI.* STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 20. *Which now the publick body*, &c.] Thus the old copy, ungrammatically certainly; but our autor frequently thus begins a sentence, and concludes it without attending to what has gone before: for which perhaps the carelessness and ardour of colloquial language may be an apology. MALONE.

P. 87, l. 23. 24. — *hath sense withal*
Of its own fall,] The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

I once suspected that our author wrote — Of its own *fail*, i. e. failure. But a subsequent passage fully supports the reading of the text.
MALONE.

P. 87, l. 24. — restraining *aid to Timon;*] I think it should be *refraining* aid, that is, withholding aid that should have been given *to* Timon.
JOHNSON.

Where is the difference? To *restrain*, and to *refrain*, both mean to with-hold. M. MASON.

P. 87, l. 25. — to make their sorrowed *render*,] Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confession*. The modern editors read — *tender*. STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 27. 28. — *a recompense more fruitful*
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;] This, which was in the former editions, can scarcely be right, and yet I know not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompense that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exactest measure. A little disorder may perhaps have happened in transcribing, which may be reformed by reading:

——— *Ay, ev'n such heaps,*
And sums of love and wealth, down by the dram,
As shall to thee ———. JOHNSON.

more than counterpoise their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness.

M. Mason.

A recompence so large, that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise it. The recompence will outweigh the offence, which, instead of *weighing down* the scale in which it is placed, will kick the beam. Malone.

P. 88, l. 8. *Allowed* is *licensed, privileged, uncontrolled.* So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will, a privileged scoffer. Johnson.

P. 88, l. 12. Who, *like a boar too savage, doth root up*] This image might have been caught from *Psalm* lxxx. 13: "The *wild boar* out of the wood doth *root* it *up*," &c. Steevens.

P. 88, l. 33. A *whittle* is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocked clasp knife, such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a "Sheffield *thwittell.*" Steevens.

P. 88, last l. & P. 89, l. 1. 2. — *So I leave you*

To the protection of the prosperous *gods,*

As thieves to keepers.] I believe *prosperous* is used here with our poet's usual laxity, in an active, instead of a passive, sense: *the gods who are the authors of the prosperity of mankind.* I leave you, says Timon, to the protection of the gods, the great distributors of prosperity, that they *may so* keep and guard you, as sailors do thieves; *i. e.* for final punishment. Malone.

I do not see why the epithet — prosperous, may not be employed here with its common signi-

fication, and mean — the gods who are *prosperous in all their undertakings.* Our author's, elsewhere, has *blessed* gods, *clear* gods, &c.; nay, Euripides, in a chorus to his *Medea*, has not scrupled to style these men of Athens — *ΘΕΩΝ παίδες ΜΑΚΑΡΩΝ.* STEEVENS.

P. 89, l. 5. 6. — *My long sickness*
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,] The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

P. 89, l. 13. — *bruit* —] i. e. report, rumour. STEEVENS.

P. 89, l. 28. — *I will some kindness do them:*] i. e. I will do them some kindness; for such, elliptically considered, will be the sense of these words, independent of the supplemental — *do them*, which only serves to derange the metre, and is, I think, a certain interpolation. STEEVENS.

P. 90, l. 3. — *in the sequence of degree,*] Methodically, from highest to lowest. JOHNSON.

P. 90, l. 14. — embossed *froth*] When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *emboss'd.* STEEVENS.

Embossed froth, is swollen froth; from *basse*, Fr. a tumour. The term *embossed*, when applied to deer, is from *emboçar*, Span. to cast out of the mouth. MALONE.

P. 90, last but one l. *In our* dear *peril.*] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread*, not knowing that *dear*, in the language of that time, signified *dread*, and is so used by Shakspeare in numberless places. WARBURTON.

Dear, in Shakspeare's language, is dire, dreadful. MALONE.

Dear may, in the present instance, signify *immediate*, or *imminent*. It is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. To enumerate each of the seemingly various senses in which it may be supposed to have been used by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myself.

STEEVENS.

P. 91, l. 12. — a *courier*,] The players read — a *currier*. STEEVENS.

P. 91, l. 12. — one *mine ancient friend*;] Mr. Upton would read — *once* mine ancient friend.

STEEVENS.

P. 91, l. 13–15. *Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:] Our author, hurried away by strong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes great liberties in the construction of sentences. Here he means, *Whom*, though we were on opposite sides in the publick cause, yet the force of our old affection wrought so much *upon*, as to make *him speak to me* as a friend. MALONE.

I am fully convinced that this and many other passages of our author to which similar remarks are annexed, have been irretrievably corrupted by transcribers or printers, and could not have proceeded, in their present state, from the pen of Shakspeare; for what we cannot understand in the closet, must have been wholly useless on the stage. — The awkward repetition of the verb — *made*, very strongly countenances my present observation. STEEVENS.

P. 92, l. 9. *Some beast rear'd this;*] Old copy — *read* this. Some beast read what? The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth

heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it. We should read:

Some beast rear'd *this;* ——

The soldier seeking, by order, for Timon, sees such an irregular mole, as he concludes must have been the workmanship of some beast inhabiting the woods; and such a cavity as must either have been so over-arched, or happened by the casual falling in of the ground. WARBURTON.

"The soldier (says Theobald) had *yet* only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it." In support of his emendation, which was suggested to him by Dr. Warburton, he quotes these lines from Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge:*

"Here is no food, nor beds; nor any *house*
"Built by a better architect than *beasts.*"

MALONE.

Notwithstanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The soldier had only seen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently seen something that told him *Timon was dead;* and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, *some beast read this*, for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is something elaborately unskilful in the contrivance of sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene. JOHNSON.

It is evident, that the soldier, when he first *sees the heap* of earth, does not know it to be *tomb.* He concludes Timon must be dead; b

cause he receives *no answer*. It is likewise evident, that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has *not* seen the inscription. And Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore, not only just and happy, but absolutely necessary. *What can this heap of earth be?* says the soldier; *Timon is certainly dead: some beast must have* erected *this, for here does not live a man to do it. Yes, he is dead, sure enough*, and this must be his grave. What is this writing upon it?

RITSON.

I am now convinced that the emendation made by Mr. Theobald is right, and that it ought to be admitted into the text: — Some beast *rear'd* this. Our poet certainly would not make the soldier call on a beast to read the inscription, *before* he had informed the audience that he could not read it himself; which he does *afterwards*.

Besides; from the time he asks, "What is this?" [i. e. what is this cave, tomb, &c. not what is this *inscription?*] to the words, "What's on this tomb," — the observation evidently relates to Timon himself, and his grave; whereas, by the erroneous reading of the old copy, "Some beast *read* this," — the soldier is first made to call on a beast to read the inscription, without assigning any reason for so extraordinary a requisition; — then to talk of Timon's death and of his grave; and at last, to inform the audience that he cannot read the inscription. Let me add, that a beast being as unable to read as the soldier, it would be absurd to call on one for assistance; whilst on the other hand, if a den or cave, or any rude heap of earth resembling a tomb, be found where *there does not live a man*, it is manifest that it *must* have been formed by a beast. MALONE.

T

The foregoing observations are acute in the extreme, and I have not scrupled to adopt the reading they recommend. STEEVENS.

P. 93, l. 5. — *travers'd arms,*] Arms across. JOHNSON.

P. 93, l. 7. — Now the time is *flush,*] A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is *mature.* JOHNSON.

P. 93, l. 8. 9. When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more.*] The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARBURTON.

Pliny says, that the camel will not carry more than his accustomed and usual load. Holland's translation, B. VIII. c. xviii. REED.

The image may as justly be said to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his shoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more.* MALONE.

I wish the reader may not find himself affected in the same manner by our commentaries, and often concur in a similar exclamation. STEEVENS.

P. 93, l. 18. *Their* refers to *rages.* WARBURTON.

P. 93, l. 21. *Promis'd means* must import the recruiting of his sunk fortunes; but this is not all. The senate had wooed him with humble message, and promise of general reparation. This seems included in the slight change which I have made.
——— *and by promis'd* mends. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but *the old reading* may well stand. JOHNSON.

of meaning: to be remedied *to*, is "the blanket of the dark." STEEVENS.

P. 95, l. 15-22. *Here lies a wretched corse*, &c.] This epitaph is found in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* instead of *caitiffs*. STEEVENS.

This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs which Shakspeare found in Plutarch. The first couplet is said by Plutarch to have been composed by Timon himself as his epitaph; the second to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

Perhaps the slight variation mentioned by Mr. Steevens, arose from our author's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577, and in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. I. Nov. 28:

TIMON HIS EPITAPHE.

"My wretched *caitiffe* daies expired now and past,
"My carren corps enterred here, is grasped in ground,
"In weltring waves of swelling seas by sourges caste;
"My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confound!" MALONE.

P. 95, l. 25. — *our* brain's *flow*,] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read — *brine's* flow. *Our brain's flow* is *our tears*; but we may read, *our* brine's *flow*, our salt tears. Either will serve. JOHNSON.

Our brain's *flow* is right. STEEVENS.

P. 95, l. 28-30. — *to make vast Neptune weep for aye*
On thy low grave, on *faults forgiven.*] Alcibiades's whole speech is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death, and his addresses to the Athenian senators; and as soon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promises to use them with mercy.

THEOBALD.

I suspect that we ought to read:

——— One *fault's forgiven.* — *Dead*
Is noble Timon; &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person.

TYRWHITT.

The old reading and punctuation appear to me sufficiently intelligible. Mr. Theobald asks, "why should Neptune weep over Timon's faults, or indeed what fault had he committed?" The faults that Timon committed, were, 1. that boundless prodigality which his Steward so forcibly describes and laments; and 2. his becoming a *Misanthrope*, and abjuring the society of all men for the crimes of a few. — Theobald supposes that Alcibiades bids the senate set forward, assuring them at the same time that he forgives the wrongs they have done him. *On:* — *Faults forgiven.* But how unlikely is it, that he should desert the subject immediately before him, and enter upon another quite different subject, in these three words, and then *return to Timon* again? to say nothing of the *strangeness of the* phrase — *faults* forgiven, for "*faults are* forgiven." MALONE.

P. 96, l. 4. — *make peace* stint *war;*] i. e. stop it. STEEVENS.

P. 96, l. 6. —— *leech.*] i. e. physician. STEEVENS.

The play of *Timon* is a domestick tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the stage in 1678. In the *modest* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Manhater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre,* made *into a Play.* STEEVENS.

NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

This play I conjecture to have been written in ne the year 1609. See *An Attempt to ascertain he order of Shakspeare's plays.*

It comprehends a period of about four years, ommencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* the year of Rome 262, and ending with the eath of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many f the principal speeches exactly copied from the ife of Coriolanus in *Plutarch.* POPE.

Page 99, last line. *Good* is here used in the *eroantile* sense. So, *Touchstone* in *Eastward Ioe:*

"—— known *good* men, well monied."

FARMER.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"Antonio's a *good* man." MALONE.

P. 100, l. 4. — they think, *we are too dear:*] hey think that the charge of maintaining us is ore than we are worth. JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 7. 8. — *Let us revenge this with ur pikes, ere we become rakes:*] It was Shakeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the ay. *But time*, who has done greater things, has

here stifled a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with* forks, *ere we become* rakes: for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad* furcas *condemnare*, to — *To condemn Christians to the* pikes. But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks*.

WARBURTON.

It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Raekel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*, *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.

It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by haymakers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the *clerk's* horse in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 288:

"As lene was his hors as is a *rake*."

STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 12. 13. Cit. *Against him first*; &c.] This speech is in the old play, as here, given to a body of the citizens speaking at once. I believe, it ought to be assigned to the first citizen.

MALONE.

P. 101, l. 10 and fol. 1. Cit. Our business &c.] *This* and all the subsequent plebeian speeches

this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shews that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus.

MALONE.

P. 102, l. 13–16. — *I shall tell you*
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't a little more.] To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used in the North. The sense of the old reading is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest.

A measure of wine spilt, is called — "a *scal'd* pottle of wine" in Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1604. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 18. *Disgraces* are *hardships*, *injuries*. JOHNSON.

P. 102, l. 26. *Where* for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

P. 102, l. 29. *Participate* here means *participant*, or *participating*. MALONE.

P. 102, last l. — *With a kind of smile,*
Which ne'er came from the lungs,] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt.

JOHNSON.

P. 103, l. 1. 2. — *I may make the belly smile,*
As well as speak,] "And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, *laughed* at their folly, and sayed," &c. North's Translation of Plutarch, p. 240, edit. 1579. MALONE.

P. 103, l. 4. — *fitly* —] i. e. exactly.

WARBURTON.

P. 103, l. 6. *They are not* such *as you.*] I suppose we should read — *They are not as you* So, in St. Luke, xviii. 11. "God, I thank thee, I am not *as* this publican." The pronoun — *such*, only disorders the measure. STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 9. *The counsellor heart,*] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a *prudent man.* JOHNSON.

The heart was considered by Shakspeare as the seat of the *understanding.* See the next note. MALONE.

P. 103, last l. & P. 104, l. 1, 2. *I sent it through the rivers of your blood,*
Even to the court, the heart, — to the seat o' the brain;] These last words seem to be a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle:

Even to the court, the heart, *to the seat, the* brain.

He uses *seat* for *throne,* the *royal seat,* which the first editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in *Richard II.* Act III. sc. iv:

"Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
"Against thy *seat.*" ——

It should be observed too, that one of the *Citizens* had just before characterised these principal parts of the human fabrick by similar metaphors:

"The *kingly-crowned head,* the vigilant eye,
"The *counsellor heart,* ——."

TYRWHITT.

I have too great respect for even the conjectures of my respectable and very judicious friend, to suppress his note, though it appears to me erroneous. In the present instance I have not the

smallest doubt, being clearly of opinion that the text is right. *Brain* is here used for *reason* or understanding. Shakspeare seems to have had Camden as well as Plutarch before him; the former of whom has told a similar story in his *Remains*, 1605, and has likewise made the *heart* the *seat* of the *brain*, or understanding: "Hereupon they all agreed to pine away their lasie and publicke enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them, that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dime, the feete could not support the body, the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the *advice* of the *heart*. *There* REASON laid open before them," &c. *Remains*, p. 109. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, in which a circumstance is noticed, that shews our author had read Camden as well as Plutarch.

I agree, however, entirely with Mr. Tyrwhitt, in thinking that *seat* means here the *royal* seat, the throne. *The seat of the brain*, is put in opposition with *the heart*, and is descriptive of it. "I send it, (says the belly,) through the blood, even to the *royal residence*, the *heart*, in which the kingly-crowned understanding *sits enthroned* MALONE.

P. 104, l. 3. *Cranks* are the meandrous ducts of the human body. STEEVENS.

Cranks are *windings*. MALONE.

P. 104, l. 33. 34. *Thou rascal*, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—
I think, we may better read, by an easy char

Thou rascal that art worst in blood, to ruin
Lead'st first, to win, &c.

Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead thy fellows *to ruin*, in hope of some advantage. The meaning, however, is perhaps only this; Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. JOHNSON.

Worst in blood may be the true reading. In *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"If we be English deer, be then *in blood*," i. e. high spirits, in vigour.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously observes that *blood*, in all these passages, is applied to *deer*, for a lean *deer* is called a rascal; and that "worst in blood," is *least in vigour*. STEEVENS.

Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. *Rascal* meant a lean deer, and is here used equivocally. The phrase *in blood* has been proved in a former note to be a phrase of the forest.

Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. He seems to mean here, thou, worthless scoundrel, though, like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst condition for running of all the herd of Plebeians, takest the lead in this tumult, in order to obtain some private advantage to yourself. What advantage the foremost of a herd of deer could obtain, is not easy to point out, nor did Shakspeare, I believe, consider. Perhaps indeed he only uses *rascal* in its ordinary sense. So afterwards —

"From *rascals* worse than they."

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me inadmissible; as the term, though it is applicable

both in its original and metaphorical sense to a man, cannot, I think, be applied to a dog; nor have I found any instance of the term *in blood* being applied to the canine species. MALONE.

P. 105, first l. *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for *misery* or *calamity:*

"For light she hated as the deadly *bale.*"
Spenser's Faery Queen.

Mr. M. Mason observes that "*bale*, as well as *bane*, signified *poison* in Shakspeare's days.
STEEVENS.

This word was antiquated in Shakspeare's time, being marked as obsolete by Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616. MALONE.

P. 105, l. 11–15. — What would you have, you curs;
That like nor peace, nor war? *the one affrights you,*
The other makes you proud.] Coriolanus does not use these two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their own occasional vices. JOHNSON.

P. 105, l. 20–25. — *Your virtue is,*
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.] Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished.
STEEVENS.

P. 106, l. 5. *Seeking* is here used substantively. — The answer is, "Their seeking, or *suit*, (to use the language of the time,) is *for* corn."
MALONE.

P. 106, l. 12. The words — who thrives, *which* destroy the metre, appear to be an evident

and tasteless interpolation. They are om
Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

P. 106, l. 18. Would the nobility l
their *ruth*,] i.
pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser c
the word. Hence the abjective — *ruth*les
is still current. STEEVENS.

P. 106, l. 19. 20. *And let me use my*
I'd make a quar
With thousands of these quarter'd
Why a quarry? I suppose, not because h
pile them square, but because he would gi
for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON

In a note on this last passage, Steeven
that *quarry* means *game* pursued or kill
supports that opinion by a passage in M
Guardian; and thence I suppose the w
used to express a heap of slaughtered pers

In the concluding scene of *Hamlet*, wh
inbras sees so many lying dead, he says

"This *quarry* cries, on havock!"
M.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8
says that "a *quarry* among hunters sign
reward given to hounds after they have hu
the venison which is taken by hunting.
sufficiently explains the word of Coriolanu
I

P. 106, l. 20. 21. —— *as high*
As I could pick *my lance.*] And
word [*pitch*] is still pronounced in Staff
where they say — *picke* me such a thing,
pitch or throw any thing that the demands

The word is again used in King He

with only a slight variation in the spelling: "I'll *peck* you o'er the pales else." MALONE.

P. 107, l. 4. *To break the heart of generosity,*] To give the final blow to the *nobles*. *Generosity* is *high birth*. JOHNSON.

P. 107, l. 9. *Shouting their emulation.*] Each of them striving to shout louder than the rest. MALONE.

Emulation, in the present instance, I believe, signifies *faction*. *Shouting their emulation*, may mean, *expressing the triumph of their faction by shouts*.

Emulation, in our author, is sometimes used in an unfavourable sense, and not to imply an honest contest for superior excellence. STEEVENS.

P. 107, l. 18. *For insurrection's arguing.*] For insurgents to debate upon. MALONE.

P. 107, last l. and P. 108, first l. *Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us; The Volces are in arms.*] Coriolanus had been just told himself that *the Volces were in arms*. The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces is now verified; they are in arms*. JOHNSON.

P. 108, l. 17. And I am *constant.*] i. e. immoveable in my resolution. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 29. *Right worthy you priority.*] You *being* right worthy of precedence. MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason would read — *your* priority. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 30. Noble Lartius!] Old copy — *Martius*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. Perhaps

Lartius in the latter part of the preceding addresses *Marcius*. MALONE.

P. 109, first l. *Your valour puts well* That is, You have in this mutiny shown fai some of valour. JOHNSON.

P. 109, l. 11. — *he will not spare* to g *gods*,] To *sne gibe*. So Falstaff uses the noun, when h *every man has a* gird *at me*. JOHNSON.

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tra Many instances of the use of this word, m added. STEEVENS.

To *gird*, as an anonymous correspondc serves to me, "in some parts of England *to push vehemently*." So, when a ram pu any thing with his head, they say he *girds* To *gird* likewise signified, to pluck or Hence probably it was metaphorically used sense of to taunt, or annoy by a *stroke* of a Cotgrave makes *gird*, *nip*, and *twinge*, nymous. MALONE.

P. 109, l. 14–16. *The present wars him: he is grown Too proud to be so valiant.*] Mr. Th says, *This is obscurely expressed*, but th *poet's meaning* must *certainly be*, *that cius is so conscious of*, *and so elate up notion of his own valour*, *that he is sa with* pride, &c. According to this critic we must conclude, that when Shakspeare mind to say, *A man was eaten up with* he was so great a blunderer in expression say, *He was eaten up with war*. But o wrote at another rate, and the blunder is tick's. *The present wars devour him*,

precation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in those wars!* The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republick. WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton's punctuation, or explanation, is right. The sense may be, that *the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities.* To *eat up*, and consequently to *devour*, has this meaning. To be *eat up with pride*, is still a phrase in common and vulgar use.

He is grown too proud to be so valiant, may signify, his pride is such as not to deserve the accompanyment of so much valour. STEEVENS.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. "The present wars," Shakspeare uses to express the pride of Coriolanus grounded on his military prowess; which kind of pride Brutus says *devours* him. Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sentence is, "he is grown too proud *of being* so valiant, *to be endured.*" MALONE.

P. 109, l. 31. 32. *Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall*
Of his demerits *rob Cominius.*] *Merits* and *Demerits* had anciently the same meaning: So, in *Othello*:

"—— and my *demerits*
"May speak," &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, Cardinal Wolsey says to his servants, "—— I have not promoted, *preferred*, and advanced you all according to your *demerits.*" STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 3-6. *Let's hence, and he*
How the despatch is made; and
fashion,
More than his singularity, he goe
Upon this present action.] We w
what he is to do, besides *going himself;*
his powers, and what is his appointment.

Perhaps, the word *singularity* impl
casm on Coriolanus, and the speaker
say — after what fashion, *beside that*
his own singularity of disposition ins
he goes into the field. STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 17. — 'Tis not four days *go*
four days *past.* STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 21. *They have* press'd *a*
Thus the modern editors. The old copy
They have *prest* a power; which may sig
a power *ready;* from *pret,* Fr. So, in
chant of Venice:

"And I am *prest* unto it." STEEVI

The spelling of the old copy proves no
participles were generally so *spelt* in Sh
time: so *distrest, blest,* &c. I belie
in its usual sense is right. It appears to
used in Shakspeare's time in the sense of
So, in Plutarch's life of Coriolanus,
by Sir T. North, 1579: "— the comm
— would not appeare when the consu
their names by a bill, to *press* them for
res." MALONE.

P. 111, l. 10. *To* take in is here,
other places, *to subdue.* MALONE.

P. 111, l. 14-16. *Let us alone to guard Corioli:*
If they set down before us, for the *remove*
Bring up your army;] Says the senator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli.* If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army *to remove them.* If any change should be made, I would read:
—— *for* their *remove.* JOHNSON.
The remove and *their remove* are so near in sound, that the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. But it is always dangerous to let conjecture loose where there is no difficulty.
MALONE.

P. 111, l. 19. *I speak from certainties. Nay, more,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer completes this line by reading —
I speak from very *certainties*, &c.
STEEVENS.

P. 112, l. 11. 12. — when youth with comeliness *pluck'd all gaze his way;*] i. e. attracted the attention of every one towards him. DOUCE.

P. 112, l. 20. — his brows bound with *oak.*] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

P. 113, l. 4. — to *retire myself.*] This verb active (signifying to *withdraw*) has already occurred in *The Tempest:*
"—— I will thence
"*Retire* me to my Milan —." STEEVENS.

P. 113, l. 15. — *his mail'd hand* —] i. e. his hand cover'd or arm'd with mail. DOUCE.

P. 113, l. 20. *Than* gilt his trophy:] Gilt means a superficial display of gold, a word now obsolete. STEEVENS.

(whatever may be the precise meaning of it) in use among the vulgar; "You have made *spot* of work of it," being a common phr reproach to those who have brought the into a scrape. STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 20. To *mammock* is to cut in or to tear. STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 23. *Crack* signifies a *boy chil* Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the second part o *Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 23. *Within this mile and* The two last words, which disturb the m should be omitted; as we are told above, "'Tis *not a mile*" between the two armies. St

P. 116, last l. but one. *To help our friends!*] i. e. our who are in the field of battle. STEEVENS.

P. 117, l. 4-6. — *nor a man that fee*

less in that preceding was the author's word, and it is extremely improbable that he should have written — *but* fears you less, &c. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's note appears to me unnecessary, nor do I think with Mr. Malone that Shakspeare *has here entangled* himself; but on the contrary that he could not have expressed himself better. The sense is *"however little* Tullus Aufidius fears you, there is not a man within the walls that fears you *less."* DOUCE.

P. 218, l. 3. *Re-enter* MARCIUS.] The old copy reads — Enter Marcius *cursing.* STEEVENS.

P. 218, l. 6–8. *You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and plagues Plaster you o'er:*] This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. For the present regulation I am answerable. "You herd of *cowards!*" Marcius would say, but his rage prevents him.

In a former passage he is equally impetuous and abrupt:

"— one's Junius Brutus,
"Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 'sdeath,
"The rabble should have first," &c.

Speaking of the people in a subsequent scene, he uses the same expression:

"— Are these your *herd?*
"Must these have voices, &c.

Again: "More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the *herdsman* of *the beastly plebeians,"*

In Mr. Rowe's edition *herds* was printed instead of *herd*, the reading of the old copy; and the passage has been exhibited thus in the modern editions:

"You shames of Rome, you! *Herds* of boils and plagues
"Plaster you o'er!" MALONE.

P. 119, l. 16. 14. *Who*, sensible, *outdares his senseless sword*,
And, when it bows, stands up!] The old editions read:

Who sensibly *out-dares* ——

Thirlby reads:

Who sensible, outdoes *his senseless sword.*

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only his correction. JOHNSON.

Sensible is here, having *sensation.* So before: "I would, your cambrick we *sensible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword, for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field. MALONE.

P. 119, l. 17-23. — *Thou wast a soldier*
Even to Cato's *wish: not fierce and terrible*
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks,
&c.] In the old editions it was:

—— Calvus' *wish:*

Plutarch, in the *Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terrour in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. THEOBALD.

The old copy reads — *Calues* with. The correction made by Theobald is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakspeare had in view: "*Martius*, being there [before Corioli] at that *time*, running out of the campe with a fewe men *with him*, he slue the first enemies he met with-

all, and made the rest of them staye upon a sodaine; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backes, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even such another as *Cato* would have a *souldier* and a captaine to be; not only *terrible and fierce* to lay about him, but to make the enemie afeard with *the sounde of his voyce and grimmes of his contenance.*" North's Translation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

Mr. M. Mason supposes that Shakspeare, to avoid the chronological impropriety, put this saying of the elder *Cato* "into the mouth of a certain *Calvus*, who might have lived at any time." Had Shakspeare known that Cato was not contemporary with Coriolanus, (for there is nothing in the foregoing passage to make him even *suspect* that was the case,) and in consequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular instance to a point, of which almost every page of his works shows that he was totally negligent; a supposition which is so improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the first act of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Marcius* printed instead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentick ancient copy. The substitution of *Calues*, instead of *Cato's* is easily accounted for. Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Catoes* wish; omitting to draw a line across the *t*, and writing the *o* inaccurately, the transcriber or printer gave us *Calues*.

MALONE.

P. 119, last l. but one. —— make remain] *is an old* manner of speaking, which means no *more* than *remain*. HANMER.

P. 120, l. 11-13. *See here these movers, that*
do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm!] Mr. Pope arbitrarily changed the word *hours* to *honours*, and Dr. Johnson, too hastily I think, approves of the alteration. Every page of Mr. Pope's edition abounds with similar innovations. MALONE.

A modern editor, who had made such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity. JOHNSON.

Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value. STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 15. — *that wore them,*] Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite. MALONE.

P. 121, l. 27. 28. — *The Roman gods,*
Lend their successes &c.] i. e. May the Roman gods, &c. MALONE.

P. 122, l. 13. *How could'st thou in a mile*
confound *an hour,*] *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of — *to expend.* Conterere tempus. MALONE.

P. 122, l. 27. 28. *More than I know the*
sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.] (Old copy — meaner *man.*) That is, from *that* of every meaner man. This kind of phraseology is found in many places in these plays; and as the peculiarities of our author, or rather the language of his age, ought to be scrupulously attended to, Hanmer and the subsequent editors who read here — every *meaner man's*, ought not in my apprehension to *be followed*, though we should now write so. MALONE.

When I am certified that this, and many [illegible]

responding offences against grammar, were common to the writers of our author's age, I shall not persevere in correcting them. But while I suspect (as in the present instance) that such irregularities were the gibberish of a theatre, or the blunders of a transcriber, I shall forbear to set nonsense before my readers; especially when it can be avoided by the insertion of a single letter; which indeed might have dropped out at the press. STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 8. Ransoming him, or *pitying*,] i. e. *remitting his ransom.* JOHNSON.

P. 123, last l. but one. Their bands i' the vaward are the *Antiates*,] The old copy reads — *Antients*, which might mean *veterans*; but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, seems to prove *Antiates* to be the proper reading:

"Set me against Aufidius and his *Antiates.*"

Our author employs — *Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written — *Antiats.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

P. 124, l. 9. *And that you not* delay *the present*,] *Delay*, for let slip. WARBURTON.

P. 124, l. 10. Filling the air with *swords advanc'd*] That is, swords lifted high. JOHNSON.

P. 124, l. 20. 21. — *if any fear*
Lesser *his person than an ill report*;] The old copy has *lessen.* If the present reading, which was introduced by Mr. Steevens, be right, *his person must* mean his personal danger. — *any one less fears* personal danger than an ill rep

son, than they are from an apprehension of being esteemed a coward, &c.

In this play we have already had *lesser* for *less*. MALONE.

P. 125, l. 2–4. — *Please you to march;*
And four *shall quickly draw out my command,*
Which men are best *inclin'd.*] I cannot but suspect this passage of corruption. Why should they *march*, that *four* might select those that were *best inclin'd?* How would their inclinations be known? Who were the *four* that should select them? Perhaps, we may read:

—— *Please you to march;*
And fear *shall quickly draw out* of *my command,*
Which men are least *inclin'd.*

It is easy to conceive that, by a little negligence, *fear* might be changed to *four*, and *least* to *best*. Let us march, and that fear which incites desertion will free my army from cowards. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath thinks the poet wrote:

"And *so I* shall quickly draw out," &c.

Some sense, however, may be extorted from the ancient reading. Coriolanus may mean, that as *all* the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shakspeare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old translation of *Plutarch* only says, "Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves *to followe* him, he went out of the citie." STEEVENS.

Coriolanus means only to say, that he would

appoint four persons to select for his particular command *or party*, those who were best inclined; and in order to save time, he proposes to have this choice made, while the army is marching forward. They all march towards the enemy, and on the way he chooses those who are to go on that particular service. M. Mason.

P. 125, l. 17. — *centuries* —] i. e. companies consisting each of a hundred men. Our author sometimes uses this word to express simply — a *hundred*; as in *Cymbeline*:

"And on it said a *century* of prayers,"

Steevens.

P. 126, l. 9. 10. *Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor*

More than thy fame and envy.] *Envy* here as in many other places, means, *malice*.

Malone.

The phrase — *death and honour*, being allowed, in our author's language, to signify no more than — *honourable death*, so *fame and envy*, may only mean — *detested* or *odious fame*. The verb — to *envy*, in ancient language, signifies to *hate*. Or the construction may be — *Not Africk owns a serpent I more abhor and envy, than thy fame*. Steevens.

P. 126, l. 14–16. *Halloo me like a hare.*

Within these three hours, Tullus,

Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,] If the name of *Tullus* be omitted, the metre will become regular. Steevens.

P. 126, l. 21. 22. *Wert thou the Hector,*

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,] The Romans boasted *themselves* descended from the Trojans; how then was Hector the *whip* of their progeny? It must

mean the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the author must have forgotten the original of the Romans: unless *whip* has some meaning which includes *advantage* or *superiority*, as we say, *he has the* whip-hand, for *he has the* advantage. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson considers this as a very unusual construction, but it appears to me only such as every page of these plays furnishes; and the foregoing interpretation is in my opinion undoubtedly the true one. An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that the words mean, "the whip that your bragg'd progeny was *possess'd of*."

MALONE.

Whip might anciently be used, as *crack* is now, to denote any thing peculiarly boasted of; as — the *crack* house in the country, — the *crack* boy of a school, &c. Modern phraseology, perhaps, has only passed from the *whip*, to the *crack* of it.

STEEVENS.

P. 126, l. 26. 27. — *you have sham'd me In your condemned seconds.*] For *condemned*, we may read *contemned*. You have, to my shame, sent me help *which I despise*. JOHNSON.

Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and explain it, *You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must* condemn *as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary?* Mr. M. Mason proposes to read *second* instead of *seconds;* but the latter is right. So King Lear: "No *seconds?* all myself?"

STEEVENS.

We have had the same phrase in the fourth scene of this play: "Now prove good seconds!"

MALONE.

P. 127, l. 25. — *gladly quak'd,*] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. STEEVENS.

P. 127, l. 25. *Here is the steed, we the caparison:*] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.* JOHNSON.

P. 127, l. 28. — *a charter to extol her blood,*] A privilege to praise her own son. JOHNSON.

P. 128, l. 3, 4. *He, that has but effected his good will,*
Hath overta'en mine act.] That is, has done as much as I have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wish'd. MALONE.

P. 128, l. 18. Should they *not,*] That is, *not be remembered.* JOHNSON.

P. 129, l. 3–9. — *When drums and trumpets shall*
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and *cities be*
Made all *of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows*
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him *be made*
An overture for the wars!] In the old copy:

—— *when drums and trumpets shall*
I' the field, prove flatterers, let courts and *cities be*
Made all *of false-fac'd soothing.*
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him *be made* an overture for the wars: ——

All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the whole thus:

—— when drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as *cities,*
Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns *be made*
An overture for the wars! ——

The thought is this, If one thing changes its usual nature to a thing most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which depend on it should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the *camp* bear the false face of the city.] And if another changes its usual nature, that its opposite should do so too. [When steel softens to the condition of the parasite's silk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion should be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the common reading, was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *camps;* and the latter miserably involved in nonsense, by blundering *hymns* into *him.* WARBURTON.

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton; and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of, *him*, (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns;* which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words:

"—— when steel grows
"Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made
"A *coverture* for the wars!"

The sense will then be apt and complete. When

steel *grows soft as* silk, *let armour be made of* silk *instead of* steel. TYRWHITT.

It should be remembered, that the personal *him*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakspeare. What Martial has said of Mutius Scaevola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation: ——

Si non errásset, fecerat ille minus.

STEEVENS.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1816, interprets the word *Overture* thus: "An overturning; a sudden change." The latter sense suits the present passage sufficiently well, understanding the word *him* to mean *it*, as Mr. Steevens has very properly explained it. When steel grows soft as silk, let silk be *suddenly converted* to the use of war. We have many expressions equally licentious in these plays. By *steel* Marcius means a *coat of mail*.

Overture, I have observed since this note was written, was used by the writers of Shakspeare's time in the sense of *prelude* or *preparation*.

MALONE.

P. 130, l. 6. 7. *To undercrest your good addition,*

To the fairness of my power.] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, hat he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him.

WARBURTON.

I understand the meaning to be, to illustrate this *honourable* distinction you have conferred on *me by fresh* deservings to the extent of my power. To *undercrest*. I should guess, signifies properly

to wear beneath the crest or a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given seems to be considered as the crest; the promised future achievements as the future additions to that coat. HEATH.

When two engage on *equal* terms, we say it is *fair; fairness* may therefore be *equality*; in *proportion equal to my power*. JOHNSON.

"To the fairness of my power" — is, as fairly as I can. M. MASON.

P. 130, l. 12. The *best*,] i. e. the *chief* men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 12. — with whom we may *articulate*,] i. e. *enter into articles*. STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 10. It may be just observed, that Shakspeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination [Volcian.] I mention it here, because here the change has spoiled the measure:

Being a Volce, *be that I am.* — *Condition!* JOHNSON.

The *Volci* are called *Volces* in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*, and so I have printed the word throughout this tragedy. STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 20. *Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*. MALONE.

P. 131, l. 22. — *I'll* potch *at him some way*] Mr. Heath reads — *poach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is in the midland counties for a *rough, violent pu*

STEEV

Cole in his DICTIONARY, 1679, renders *poche*, " *fundum explorare*. The modern *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this w *So to eke* was formerly written to ech. MA

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, the word *patch* is used in almost the same sense, p. 31: "They use also to *poche* them (fish) with an instrument somewhat like a salmon speare." TOLLET.

P. 131, l. 26-29. — *My* valour's *poison'd,*
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself:] The construction of this passage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

—— *my* valour, *poison'd*
With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself. TYRWHITT.

The amendment proposed by Tyrwhitt would make the construction clear; but I think the passage will run better thus, and with as little deviation from the text:

—— my valour's poison'd;
Which only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself. M. MASON.

—— *for him shall fly out of itself*: i. e. To mischief him, my valour should *deviate from* its own native generosity. JOHNSON.

P. 131, last l. but one. *Embarquements* —] This word, in the old copy, is spelt *embarquements*, and, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. *The rotten privilege and custom* that follow, seem to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's English and French Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's, we find

"To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer*.
"An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement*."

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, has "to *imbargue*, or lay an *imbargo* upon." There can be no doubt therefore that the old copy is right.—If we derive the word from the Spanish, *embargar*, perhaps we ought to write *embargement*; but Shakspeare's word certainly came to us from the French, and therefore is more properly written *embarquements*, or *embarkments*. MALONE.

P. 132, l. 2. *At home, upon my brother's guard,*] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

P. 132, l. 10. — *attended*—] i. e. waited for. STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 12. ('*Tis south the city* mills,)] But where could Shakspeare have heard of these *mills* at Antium? I believe we should read:

('*Tis south the city a* mile.)

The old edition reads *mils*. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

Coriolanus speaks of *our divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves in the holy church-yard*. It is said afterwards, that Coriolanus talks like a *knell*; and *drums*, and *Hob* and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare frequently introduces those minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—— underneath the grove of sycamore,
"That *westward* rooteth from the city's side."

Again:

"It was the nightingale and not the lark ——,
"——Nightly she sings on *yon pomegranate tree.*"

Mr. Tyrwhitt's question, "where could Shakspeare have heard of these mills at Antium?" may be answered by another question: Where could Lydgate hear of the mills near Troy?

"And as I ride upon this flode,
"On eche syde many a *mylle* stode,
"When nede was their graine and corne to grinde," &c.

Auncyent Historie, &c. 1555. MALONE.

P. 132, l. 25. 26. Sic. *Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.*

Men. *Pray you, who does the wolf love?*] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

P. 133, l. 4. In what enormity is Marcius *poor*,] (Old copy — poor *in*.) Here we have another of our author's peculiar modes of phraseology; which, however, the modern editors have not suffered him to retain; having dismissed the redundant *in* at the end of this part of the sentence. MALONE.

I shall continue to dismiss it, till such peculiarities can, by authority, be discriminated from the corruptions of the stage, the transcriber, or the printer.

It is scarce credible, that, in the expression of a common idea, in prose, our modest Shakspear

in equal defiance of customary language, and established grammar.

As, on the present occasion, the word — *in* might have stood with propriety at either end of the question, it has been casually, or ignorantly, inserted at both. STEEVENS.

P. 135, l. 28–30. — *O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves!*] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

P. 133, l. 33–35. — *then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.*] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age, of which I have met with many instances in the books of that time. Mr. Pope, as usual, reduced the passage to the modern standard, by reading — a brace of *as* unmeriting, &c. as any in Rome; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his emendation. MALONE.

P. 134, l. 8. 9. — *one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning.*] Rather a late lier down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "It is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion, in the *posteriors of this day*; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"— Thou art a summer bird,
"Which ever in the *haunch* of winter sings
"The lifting up of day." MALONE.

P. 134, l. 22. *Bisson*, blind, in the old copies, is *beesome*, restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

P. 134, l. 27. 28. *You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs;*] That is, for their obeisance shewed by bowing to you. To make a *leg* was the phrase of our author's time for a bow. MALONE.

P. 134, l. 28. 29. — *you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause* &c.] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *praefectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARBURTON.

P. 134, last l. but one. — *set up the bloody flag against all patience*] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.

P. 135, l. 20. — *the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians:*] As Kings are called ποιμενες λαων. JOHNSON.

P. 135, l. 32. *Take my* cap, *Jupiter, and I thank thee:*] Dr. Warburton proposed to read, *Give my* cup, *Jupiter.* — REED.

Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps, this play, that Menenius may be well enough posed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

136, l. 10. 11. — *the most sovereign prescription in* Galen *is but* empiricutick,] An ironism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished no U. C. 260, about 492 years before the of our Saviour. — Galen was born in

year of our Lord 130, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

The old copies — *empirickqutique*. "The most sovereign prescription in Galen (says Menenius) is to this news but *empiricutic:* an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric* (*empirique*, F.) a quack." RITSON.

P. 136, l. 20. 21. *On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.*] Mr. M. Mason proposes that there should be a comma placed after Menenius; On's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland, "for," says the commentator, "it was the oaken garland, not the wounds, that Volumnia says he had on his brows." In *Julius Cæsar* we find a dialogue exactly similar:

"*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate
"To our attempts. — Am I not staid for, Cinna?

"*Cin.* I am glad on't.

i. e. I am glad that Casca is incorporate, &c.

But he appears to me to have misapprehended the passage. Volumnia answers Menenius, without taking notice of his last words, — "The wounds become him." Menenius had asked — Brings he victory in his *pocket?* He brings it, says Volumnia, on his *brows*, for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So, afterwards:

"He prov'd best man o'the field, and for his meed,
"Was *brow*-bound with the *oak*."

If these words did not admit of so clear an explanation, (in which the conceit is truly Shakspearian,) the arrangement proposed by Mr. M. Mason might perhaps be admitted, though it

extremely harsh, and the inversion of the natural order of the words not much in our author's manner in his prose writings. MALONE.

P. 136, l. 29. — *Is the senate* possess'd *of this?*] *Possess'd*, in our author's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

P. 137, l. 12–15. — *He received in the repulse of Tarquin*, seven *hurts i'the body.*

Men. One *in the neck, and* two *in the thigh, — there's* nine *that I know.*] Old copy — seven *hurts i' the body.*

Men. One *i' the neck, and* two *i' the thigh; — there's* nine *that I know.* Seven, — one, — and two, and these make but nine? Surely, we may safely assist Menenius in his arithmetick. This is a stupid blunder; but whereever we can account by a probable reason for the cause of it, that directs the emendation. Here it was easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the second *one*, as a needless repetition of the first, and to make a numeral word of *too*. WARBURTON.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh — Nay, I am sure there are more; there are nine that I know of.* UPTON.

P. 137, l. 24–26. *Death, that dark spirit,*
in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanced, declines; and then
men die.] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON.

P. 138, l. 17. *My* gracious silence, hail!] The epithet to *silence* shows it not to proceed from

a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. WARBURTON.

By *my gracious silence*, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, Crashaw:

"Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!
"Their cadence is rhetorical."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"You shall see sweet *silent rhetorick*, and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye."

STEEVENS.

I believe "My *gracious* silence" only means "My *beauteous* silence," or "my silent Grace." *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"But being season'd with a *gracious* voice."

Again, in *King John:*

"There was not such a *gracious* creature born." MALONE.

P. 139, l. 9. 10. Com. *Ever right.*

Cor. *Menenius, ever, ever.*] Rather, I think:

Com. *Ever right Menenius.*

Cor. *Ever, ever.*

Cominius means to say, that — Menenius is *always the same;* — retains his old humour. So, in *Julius Caesar*, Act V. sc. i, upon a speech from Cassius, Antony only says, — *Old Cassius still.* TYRWHITT.

By these words, as they stand in the old copy, *I believe*, Coriolanus means to say — Menenius *is still* the same affectionate friend as formerly.

So, in *Julius Caesar:* "— for *always* I am *Caesar.*" MALONE.

P. 139, l. 16. 17. *From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings.*

But with them change *of honours.*] So all the editions read, But Mr. Theobald has *ventured* (as he expresses it) *to substitute* charge. For *change*, he thinks, *is a very poor expression, and communicates but a very poor idea.* He had better have told the plain truth, and confessed that it *communicated* none at all to him. However, it has a very good one in itself; and signifies *variety of honours;* as *change of rayment*, among the writers of that time, signified *variety of rayment.* WARBURTON.

Change of raiment is a phrase that occurs not unfrequently in the *Old Testament.* STEEVENS.

P. 139, l. 32. 33. — *Your pratling nurse Into a* rapture *lets her baby cry,*] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit.* WARBURTON.

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a *rapture* means a fit; but it does not appear from the note where the word is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability *rupture*, to which children are liable from excessive fits of crying. This emendation was the property of a very ingenious scholar long before I had any claim to it. S. W.

That a child will "cry itself into fits," is still a common phrase among nurses. STEEVENS.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, raptures signifies *ravings;*

"—— her brainsick raptures

"Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel."

I have not met with the word *rapture* in the sense of a *fit* in any book of our author's age, nor found it in any dictionary previous to Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679. He renders the word by the Latin *ecstasis*, which he interprets a *trance*. However, the rule — *de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio* — certainly does not hold, when applied to the use of words. Had we *all* the books of our author's age, and had we read them all, it then might be urged. — Drayton speaking of Marlowe, says his *raptures* were "all air and fire." MALONE.

P. 139, last l. but one. A *maukin*, or *malkin*, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up: thence a dirty wench HANMER.

Maukin in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens: a scare-crow. P.

Malkin is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary); as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a *hare*. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess*: the scullion. RITSON.

Minsheu gives the same explanation of this term, as Sir T. Hanmer has done, calling it "an instrument to clean an oven, — now made of old clowtes." The etymology which Dr. Johnson has given in his dictionary — "MALKIN, from *Mal* or *Mary*, and *kin*, the diminutive termination," — is, I apprehend, erroneous. The kitchen-wench very naturally takes her name from this word, as *scullion*, another of her titles, is in like manner derived from *escouillon*, the French term for the utensil called a *malkin*. MALONE.

After the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once elegant Queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monsieur Thomas*:

"Put on the shape of order and humanity,
"Or you must marry *Malkyn, the May Lady.*"

Maux, a corruption of *malkin*, is a low term, still current in several counties, and always indicative of a coarse vulgar wench. STEEVENS.

P. 139, last l. *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says:

"His ruffe was of fine *lockeram*, stitched very faire with Coventry blue." STEEVENS.

P. 139, last l. *Reechy* is greasy, sweaty. So, in *Hamlet*: "—— a pair of *reechy* kisses." Laneham, speaking of "three pretty puzels" in a morris-dance, says they were "as *bright* as a *breast of bacon*," that is, bacon hung in the *chimney*; and hence *reechy*, which in its primitive signification is *smoky*, came to imply *greasy*. RITSON.

P. 140, l. 5. — *seld-shown flamens*] i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to public view. *Seld* is often used by ancient writers for *seldom*. STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 7. — a *vulgar station*:] A station among the rabble. MALONE.

A *vulgar station*, I believe, signifies only a common standing-place, such as is distinguished by no particular convenience. STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 7-9. — *our veil'd dames*
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks,] Dr. Warburton, for *war*, absurdly reads — *wars*. MALONE.

Has the commentator never heard of roses *contending* with lilies for the empire of a lady's cheek? The *opposition* of colours, though not the *commixture*, may be called a war. JOHNSON.

So, in Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

"The silent *war* of lilies and of roses,
"Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

Cleiveland introduces this, according to his quaint manner:

"—— her cheeks,
"Where roses mix: no civil war
"Between her York and Lancaster." FARMER.

P. 140, l. 11. *As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,*] That is, *as if that god who leads him, whatsoever* god he be. JOHNSON.

P. 140, l. 18–20. *He cannot temperately transport his honours*
From where he should begin, and *end;*] Perhaps it should be read:
From where he should begin t'an *end.* —— JOHNSON.

Our author means, though he has expressed himself most licentiously, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin *to where he should end.* The word *transport* includes the ending as well as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude his journey, *from* the spot *where he should begin, and* to the spot where he should *end.* I have no doubt that the text is right. MALONE.

P. 140, l. 30. *As* he is proud to do't.] Proud *to do*, is the same as proud of doing. JOHNSON.

As means here, as that. MALONE.

P. 140, l. 34. *The* napless *vesture* of humility;] The players read — the *Naples*, — STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. By *napless* Shakspeare means *thread-bare*. MALONE.

P. 141, l. 11. 12. *It shall be to him then, as our good* wills;

A sure destruction.] This should be written *will's*, for *will is*. TYRWHITT.

It shall be to him of the same nature as our dispositions towards him; *deadly*. MALONE.

P. 141, l. 15. *We must* suggest *the people,*] i. e. *prompt*, them. The verb — to *suggest*, has, in our author, many different shades of meaning. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 16. — *to his power,*] i. e. as far as his power goes, to the utmost of it. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 23. *Than camels in* their *war;*] In what war? Camels are mere beasts of burthen, and are never used in war. — We should certainly read,

As camels in their *way*. M. MASON.

I am far from certain that this amendment is necessary. Brutus means to say that Coriolanus thought the people as useless expletives in the world, as camels would be in *the* war. I would read *the* instead of *their*. *Their*, however, may stand, and signify the war undertaken for the sake of the people. STEEVENS.

Their war may certainly mean, the wars in which the Roman people engaged with various nations; but I suspect Shakspeare wrote — in *the* war. MALONE.

P. 141, l. 23. — who have their provand] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors read [illegible] the following instance

P. 141, l. 20. 29. — *when his soari*
lence

Shall teach *the people*.] Thus the
"When his soaring insolence shall *t*
people," may mean, — When he with
solence of a proud patrician shall ins
people in their duty to their rulers. M
bald reads, I think without necessity,
reach the people, and his emendation wa
ed by all the subsequent editors. MALON

The word — *teach*, though left in the
hardly sense, unless it means — *inst*
people in favour of our purposes.

I strongly incline to the emendation
Theobald. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 32. — *will be* his *fire*] Will
lighted by himself. Perhaps the author
as fire. There is, however, no need of c

agility, some of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf* or glove "upon him as he pass'd." MALONE.

P. 142, l. 17. 18. *And carry with us ears and eyes for the time, But hearts for event.*] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus. JOHNSON.

P. 143, l. 9. — *he waved indifferently.*] That is, *he would have waved indifferently.* JOHNSON.

P. 143, l. 23. — *their opposite.*] That is, their adversary. MALONE.

P. 143, l. 18. — his ascent is not by such easy degrees *as those,*] That is, as the ascent of these. MALONE.

P. 143, l. 20. — *who, having been supple and courteous to the people,* bonnetted, *without any further deed to* heave them *at all into their estimation and report:*] *Bonnetter,* Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave.

So, in the academic style, to *cap* a fellow, is to take off the cap to him. M. MASON.

I have adhered to the original copy in printing this very obscure passage, because it appears to me at least as intelligible, as what has been substituted in its room. Mr. Rowe, for *having*, reads *have*, and Mr. Pope, for *have* in a subsequent part of the sentence, reads *heave*. *Bonnetted*, is, I apprehend, a verb, not a participle, here. They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatsoever done in order to *have* them, that is, to insinuate themselves into the good opinion of the people. To *have them*, for *to have themselves* or to wind themselves into,

is certainly very harsh; but to *heave* &c. is not much less so. MALONE.

I continue to read — *heave*. *Have Henry VIII.* was likewise printed *heave*, in the first folio, though corre second. The phrase in question occu ward: "The Scots *heaved* up *into* hi victory," &c. Many instances of Shak tachment to the verb *heave*, might be this occasion. STEEVENS.

P. 144. l. 16–18. —— *whom*
We meet here, both to thank, and
member
With honours like himself.] Th tion, I think, is, whom to thank, & the purpose of thanking whom) we a assembled here. MALONE.

P. 144, l. 20–22. — *and make us*
Rather our state's defective for
Than we to stretch it out.] I o the meaning was, And make us imagi state rather wants inclination or ability his services, than that we are blameal panding and expatiating upon them. simple explication, however, is perha one. And make us think that the repul ther too niggard than too liberal in re services. MALONE.

The plain sense, I believe, is: — Rat our means are too defective to afford a reward for his services, than suppose to stretch out those means are defective.

P. 144, l. 24. *Your loving moti*
the common b
kind interposition with the common p

P. 144, l. 26–29. *We are convented*
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.] Here is a fault
the expression: And had it affected our author's
owledge of nature, I should have adjudged it
his transcribers or editors; but as it affects only
is knowledge of history, I suppose it to be his
wn. He should have said *your* assembly. For
ll the *Lex Attinia*, (the author of which is sup-
osed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italiæ Jure*] to
ave been contemporary with Quintus Metellus
acedonicus) the tribunes had not the privilege of
ntering the senate, but had seats placed for them
ear the door on the outside of the house.

WARBURTON.

Though I was formerly of a different opinion, I
m now convinced that Shakspeare, had he been
ware of the circumstance pointed out by Dr. War-
urton, might have conducted this scene without
iolence to Roman usage. The presence of Brutus
nd Sicinius being necessary, it would not have
een difficult to exhibit both the outside and inside
f the Senate-house in a manner sufficiently con-
onant to theatrical probability. STEEVENS.

P. 144, last l. *That's off, that's off;*] That
s, that is nothing to the purpose. JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 21. *You* sooth'd *not, therefore*
hurt *not:*] You *did not* flatter me, and therefore did not offend me. —
Hurt is commonly used by our author for *hurted*.
Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, for sooth'd reads
sooth, which was adopted by the subsequent edi-
rs. MALONE.

P. 145, l. 31-36. *Your multiplyi*
how can he fla
(That's thousand to one good on
you now see,
He had rather venture all his
honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?
reasoning of Menenius is this: How can
pected to practise flattery to others, whc
so much, that he cannot bear it even wh
to himself? JOHNSON.

P. 146, l. 8. *When Tarquin mad*
for Rome, &c.
Tarquin who had been expelled, *raised*
to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

We learn from one of Cicero's letters
consular age in his time was *forty three*
riolanus was but sixteen when Tarquin en
to recover Rome, he could not now,
263, have been much more than twenty
of age, and should therefore seem to be
of standing for the consulship. But pe
rule mentioned by Cicero, as subsisting it
was not established at this early period c
publick. MALONE.

P. 146, l. 11. — *his Amazonian chi*
his chin on which there was no beard. Tl
read, *shinne*. STEVENS.

P. 146, l. 12. 13. —— *he bestrid*
An o'er-press'd Roman,] This w
of singular friendship in our old Englis
but there is no proof that any such pra
vailed among the legionary soldiers of R
did our author give himself any troub
subject. He was led into the error
translation of Plutarch, where he

words: "The Roman souldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him, Martius straight *bestrid* him, and slew the enemy." The translation ought to have been, "Martius hastened to his assistance, and *standing before him*, slew his assailant." See the next note, where there is a similar inaccuracy. MALONE.

Shakspeare may, on this occasion, be vindicated by higher authority than that of books. Is it probable that any Roman soldier was so far divested of humanity as not to protect his friend who had fallen in battle? Our author (if unacquainted with the Grecian *Hyperaspists*) was too well read in the volume of nature to need any apology for the introduction of the present incident, which must have been as familiar to Roman as to British warfare. STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 15. *And struck him on his knee:*] This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him *to fall on his knee:*

— *ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.*

STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 16. *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

Here is a great anachronism. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for above two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. MALONE.

P. 146, l. 20. — *in the* brunt of seventeen *battles since,*] The number *seventeen*, for which there is no authority, was

suggested to Shakspeare by North's
Plutarch: "Now Martius followed
showed many woundes and cuts upo
which he had received in *seventeene* y
as the warres, and in many sundry ba
also the original Greek; but it is undo
roneous; for from Coriolanus's first c
his death, was only a period of *eight*

P. 146, l. 21. *He* lurch'd *all swo*
garland.] B
has the same expression in *The Silent*
"— you have *lurch'd* your friends *of*
half of the garland." STEEVENS.

To *lurch* is properly to *purloin*; hen
speare uses it in the sense of to *deprive*.
I suspect, however, I have not right
the origin of this phrase. To *lurch* in Sha
time signified to win a maiden set at car
See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Gioco*
A maiden set, or *lurch*, at any game."
Cole's Latin Dict. 1679: "A lurch, *Duplex*
facilis victoria."

"To lurch all swords of the garland," the
was, to gain from all other warriors the
of victory, with ease, and incontestable su
rity. MALONE.

P. 146, l. 26 and 28. — *as waves before*
— *below his* stem:] First folio — *a*
The editor of the second folio, for *sweds*
stituted *waves*, and this capricious alteration
been adopted in all the subsequent editions.
the same page of that copy, which has been
source of at least one half of the corruptions
have been introduced in our author's works,
find *defamy*, for *destiny*, sir Coriolanus,

"I *sit*, Coriolanus," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panting*: but luckily none of the latter sophistications have found admission into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Rushes* falling below a vessel passing over them is an image as expressive of the prowess of Coriolanus as well can be conceived. MALONE.

Waves, the reading of the second folio, I regard as no trivial evidence in favour of the copy from which it was printed. *Weeds*, instead of *falling below* a vessel under sail, cling fast about the *stem* of it. The justice of my remark every sailor or waterman will confirm.

But were not this the truth, by conflict with a mean adversary, valour would be depreciated. The submersion of *weeds* resembles a Frenchman's triumph over a *soup aux herbes*; but to rise above the threatening billow, or force a way through the watry bulwark, is a conquest worthy of a ship, and furnishes a comparison suitable to the exploits of Coriolanus.

If Shakspeare originally wrote *weeds*, on finding such an image less apposite and dignified than that of *waves*, he might have introduced the correction which Mr. Malone has excluded from his text.

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads. From *stem* to *stern* is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of *Virgil*:

"Oronte' bark ——
"From *stem* to *stern* by waves was overborne." STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 28-32. — *his sword* (*death's stamp*)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries:] Old copy —

—— *His sword, death's stamp,*
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries.

This passage should be pointed thus:

—— His sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, &c. TYRWHITT.

I have followed the punctuation recommended. STEEVENS.

The cries of the slaughter'd regularly follow his motion, as musick and a dancer accompany each other. JOHNSON.

P. 146, l. 33. *The mortal gate* —] The gate that was made the scene of death. JOHNSON.

P. 146, l. 34. With shunless *destiny*;] The second folio reads, whether by accident or choice

With shunless *defamy*.

Defamie is an old French word signifying *infamy*. TYRWHITT.

P. 147, l. 10–12. *He cannot but with measure fit the honours*
Which we devise him.] That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will show a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNSON.

P. 147, l. 16. *Misery* for avarice; because *miser* signifies an avaricious. WARBURTON.

P. 147, l. 16–18. —— *rewards*
His deeds with doing *them*; and is content
To spend the time, to end it,] I not whether my conceit will be approved

cannot forbear to think that our author wrote thus:

—— he *rewards*
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend his time, to spend *it.*

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it.

JOHNSON.

I think the words afford this meaning, without any alteration. MALONE.

P. 147, l. 28. 29. *It then remains,*
That you do speak to the people.] Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* the consuls: And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if Shakspeare makes Rome a democracy, which at this time was a perfect aristocracy; he sets the balance even in his *Timon*, and turns Athens, which was a perfect democracy, into an aristocracy. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to his ignorance; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which, when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the *dignity* of his character, or the *dictates* of nature in general. WARBURTON.

The inaccuracy is to be attributed, not to our *author*, but to Plutarch, who expressly says, in *his life of* Coriolanus, that "it was the custome *Rome at that time*, that such as dyd sue for c

office, should for certen dayes before be in the market-place, only with a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to *praye the people to remember them at the day of election.*" North's translation, p. 244.

MALONE.

P. 148, l. 8. *Your honour with* your *form.*] I believe we should read "Your honour with *the* form." — That is, the usual form. M. MASON.

Your form, may mean the form which custom prescribes *to you.* STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 19-21. *We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,*
Our purpose to them; — and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.] We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to them for their approbation; namely the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship. MALONE.

This passage is rendered almost unintelligible by the false punctuation. It should evidently be pointed thus, and then the sense will be clear: —

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose; — to them, and to our noble consul,
Wish we all joy and honour.

To *them*, means *to the people*, whom Menenius artfully joins to the consul, in the good wishes of the senate. M. MASON.

P. 149, l. 4. Once, *if he do require our voices,*] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all.* WARBURTON.

This use of the word once is found in The Supposes by Gascoigne;

"*Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me."

FARMER.

I doubt whether *once* here signifies *once for all*. I believe, it means, "if he do but *so much as* require our voices;" as in the following passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "— they left many of their servants and men of war behind them, and some of them would not *once* stay for their standards. MALONE.

P. 149, l. 7, 8. *We have* power *in ourselves to do it, but it is a* power *that we have no* power *to do*:] *Power* first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. Davies has used the same words with great variety of meaning:

Use all thy powers *that heavenly* power *to praise,*
That gave thee power *to do.* ——

JOHNSON.

P. 149, l. 19. — *for* once, when *we stood up* —] (Old copy — once *we stood up*). That is, *as soon as ever* we stood up. This word is still used in nearly the same sense, in familiar or rather vulgar language, such as Shakspeare wished to allot to the Roman populace. "*Once* the will of the monarch is the only law, the constitution is destroyed." Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read — for once, *when* we stood up, &c.

MALONE.

As no decisive evidence is brought to prove that the adverb *once* has at any time signified — *as soon as ever*, I have not rejected the word introduced by Mr. Rowe, which, in my judgment, is necessary to the speaker's meaning. STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 21. — *the* many-headed multitude.] *Hanmer reads, many headed monster, but with*

out necessity. To be *many-hea*
monstrousness. JOHNSON.

P. 149, l. 24. — some *auburn*
reads, some *Abram.* I should un
pose this to be the true reading; bu
ready heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-co

P. 149, l. 25-27. — *if all our*
issue out of one skull, they w
west, north, south;] Meaning th
ing but one interest was most appa
wishes and projects would be infinit

To suppose all their wits to is
scull, and that their common cons
ment to go all one way, should end
to every point of the compass, is a
of the variety and incopsistency o
wishes, and actions of the multitud

P. 150, l. 9. — *You may, you*
colloquial phrase, which seems to s
may divert yourself, as you pleas
pence, — has occurred already in
Cressida:

"*Hel.* By my troth, sweet Lor
fine forehea
"*Pan.* Ay, *you may, you m*

P. 151, l. 4. 5. *I would they*
me, like t
Which our divines lose by t
wish they would forget me as they
nuous precepts, which the divines
them, and lose by them, as it we
greeting the practice. THEOBALD

P. 151, l. 19. 20. *Ay*, not
Mine own desire.] The old copy — *but* mine own desire. If *but* be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North — *without.*
STEEVENS.

But is only the reading of the first folio: *Not* is the true reading. RITSON.

The answer of the citizen fully supports the correction, which was made by the editor of the third folio. *But* and *not* are often confounded in those plays. MALONE.

P. 153, l. 3. *I will not* seal *your knowledge*] I will not strengthen or compleat your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

P. 153, l. 11. *Why in this* woolvish gown
should I stand here,]
This woolvish gown signifies this *rough hirsute* gown. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads — *this woolvish* tongue. *Gown* is the reading of the second folio, and, I believe, the true one.

Let us try, however, to extract some meaning from the word exhibited in the elder copy.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lambskins. How comes it then to be called *woolvish*, unless in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's cloathing?* Perhaps the poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a* tongue *deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I would wish to treat with my usual ferocity?* We might perhaps more distinctly read:

—— *with* this woolvish tongue.

unless tongue be used for tone or accent. Tongue *might*, indeed, be only a typographical

take, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello*. Yet, it is as probable, if Shakspeare originally wrote — *toge*, that he afterwards exchanged it for — *gown*, a word more intelligible to his audience. Our author, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirsuta* was, because he has just before called it the *napless* gown of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in "A Merye Jest of a Man called *Howleglas*," bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himself to a taylor, who "caste unto him a husbande mans gown, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up. — Then cut *Howleglas* the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the maister, I ment that you should have made up the russet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*." By a *wolvish* gown, therefore, Shakspeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the *dress of a Roman candidate* to the *coarse frock of a ploughman*, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has in his note on this passage cited the romance of *Howleglas* to show that a husbandman's gown was called a *wolf*; but quaere if it be called so in this country? it must be remembered that *Howleglas* is literally translated from the *French* where the word "loup" certainly occurs, but I believe it has not the same signification in that language. The French copy also may be *literally* rendered from the *German*. DOUCE.

Mr. Steevens, however, is clearly right, in *supposing* the allusion to be to the "wolf in sheep's *cloathing*;" not indeed that Coriolanus means u

call himself a wolf; but merely to say, "Why should I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility which is not in my nature?" RITSON.

I suppose the meaning is, Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep's cloathing on a wolf is expressive of his disposition. I believe *woolvish* was used by our author for false or deceitful, and that the phrase was suggested to him, as Mr. Steevens seems to think, by the common expression, — "a wolf in sheep's cloathing." Mr. Mason says, that this is "a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as such." I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator's remarks in the present edition, and therefore I am sure he will pardon me when I observe that speculative criticism on these plays will ever be liable to error, unless we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare. If Mr. Mason had read the following line in Churchyard's legend of Cardinal Wolsey, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, instead of considering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and just explication of the epithet before us:

"O fye on *wolves*, that march in *masking clothes*."

The *woolvish* [gown or] *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he should *appear* in *masquerade*; not in his real and *natural* character.

Woolvish cannot mean rough, hirsute, or

which he does not understand. The ve
mistake has happened in *Othello*, where
"*tongued* consuls," for *toged*-consuls.
particle *in* shows that *tongue* cannot b
The editor of the second folio solved the
as usual, by substituting *gown*, without
gard to the word in the original copy. M

P. 153, l. 12. 13. *To beg of Hob a*
that do appear,
Their needless vouches?] Why stan
— to beg of Hob and Dick, and such
make their appearance here, their un
voices? JOHNSON.

By strange inattention our poet has h
the names (as in many other places he h
bited the customs) of England, to ancien
It appears from Minsheu's DICTIONARY,
v. QUINTAINE, that these were some of

— battles thrice six
I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices
Done many things, &c. FARMER.

P. 155, l. 24. 25. *I would be consul,* says he: *aged custom,*
But by your voices, will not so permit me;] his was a strange inattention: The Romans at is time had but lately changed the regal for the onsular government: for Coriolanus was banished ie eighteenth year after the expulsion of the ings. WARBURTON.

Perhaps our author meant by *aged* custom, that oriolanus should say, the custom which requires ie consul to be *of a certain prescribed age,* will ot permit that I should be elected, unless by the oice of the people that rule should be broken irough. This would meet with the objection iade in pag. 402; but I doubt much whether hakspeare knew the precise consular age even in ully's time, and therefore think it more probable at the words *aged custom* were used by our au- or in their ordinary sense, however inconsistent ith the recent establishment of consular govern- ent at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an ror concerning this *aged custom.* MALONE.

P. 155, l. 33. — *were you* ignorant *to see it?*] , did you want knowledge to discern it?
JOHNSON.

P. 156, l. 12. 13. — *so his gracious nature*
Would think upon you] Would retain a ateful remembrance of you, &c. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 27. — *in free contempt,*] That is, h contempt open and unrestrained. JOHNSON.

P. 157, first l. *Your su'd-for tongues?*] Your voices that hitherto have been solicited.
STEEVENS.

Your voices, not solicited, by verbal application, but sued for by this man's merely standing forth as a candidate. — *Your sued-for tongues*, however, may mean, your voices, to obtain which *so many* make *suit* to you; and perhaps the latter is the more just interpretation. MALONE.

P. 157, l. 17. — *Enforce his pride*,] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

P. 157, l. 22. — *portance*,] i. e. carriage.
STEEVENS.

P. 158, l. 12. *And Censorinus, darling of the people*,] This verse I have supplied; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. POPE.

The passage in North's translation, 1579, runs thus: "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprung many noble personages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numaes daughter's sonne, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also *came of that familie*, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." — Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius *Rutilius* did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian waters were not brought to that city by aqueducts till the year

year 643, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus.

Can it be supposed, that he who would disregard such anachronisms, or rather he to whom they were not known, should have changed *Cato*, which he found in his Plutarch, to *Calvus*, from a regard to chronology? See a former note, p. 405. MALONE.

P. 158, l. 13. 14. — being censor twice,
Was *his great ancestor*.] Now the first censor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this: the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in the first part of *Henry IV.* where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of Holmedon:

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, ——.

But the Earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holinshed*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these, Mordack Earl of Fife, son to the Governor Arkimbald, Earl Douglas*, &c. And he imagined that the Governor and Earl Douglas were one and the same person. WARBURTON.

P. 158, l. 19. Scaling *his present bearing with his past*,] That is *weighing* his past and present behaviour.

P. 158, l. 23. — by our *putting on:*] i. e. incitation. STEEVENS.

P. 158, l. 33. 34. — *both observe and answer The vantage of his anger.*] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

P. 159, l. 19. *Lord Consul,*] Shakspeare has here, as in other places, attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of *lord* was given to many officers of state who were not Peers: thus „*lords* of the council, *lord* ambassador, *lord* general, &c. MALONE.

P. 159, l. 25. *On safe-guard he came to me;*] i. e. with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him. STEEVENS.

P. 160, l. 17. *For they do* prank *them in authority,*] *Plume, deck, dignify* themselves. JOHNSON.

P. 161, l. 4. *You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?*] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. WARBURTON.

P. 161, l. 23. 24. *Not unlike, Each way, to better yours.*] i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent: ——

"Why then should I be consul?"

WARBURTON.

P. 162, l. 2. This *palt'ring* —] That is, this trick of dissimulation; this shuffling:

"And by these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
"That *palter* with us in a double sense."

Macbeth. JOHNSON.

P. 162, l. 4. 5. — *this so dishonour'd rub, laid* falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.] *Falsely* for *treacherously*. JOHNSON.
The metaphor is from the bowling-green. MALONE.

P. 162, l. 13. — *many,*] i. e. the populace. The Greeks used πολλοι exactly in the same sense. HOLT WHITE.

P. 162, l. 15-15. —— *let them*
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves:] Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNSON.

P. 162, l. 18. *The* cockle *of rebellion, insolence, sedition,*] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, where it is given as follows: "Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people," &c. STEEVENS.
In this line are three syllables too many. We might read, as in North's *Plutarch*:
"The cockle of insolency and sedition."
RITSON.

P. 162, l. 30. — *meazels,*] *Mesell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a *leper*. STEEVENS.

P. 163, l. 11. — *minnows?*] i. e. small fry. WARBURTON.
A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink*. JOHNSON.

P. 163, l. 13. *'Twas from the canon.*] We

contrary to the established rule.; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.

These words appear to me to imply the verse. Cominius means to say, "that what Sicinius had said, was according to the rule," alluding to the absolute *veto* of the Tribunes, the power of putting a stop to every proceeding: — and, accordingly, Coriolanus, instead of disputing this power of the Tribunes, proceeds to argue against the power itself, and to inveigh against the Patricians for having granted it. M. MASON.

P. 163, l. 15. O good, *but most unwise patricians*, —] The old copy has — O *God*, but, &c. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Mr. Steevens asks, "when the only authentick ancient copy makes sense, why should we depart from it?" — No one can be more thoroughly convinced of the general propriety of adhering to the old copy than I am; and I trust I have given abundant proofs of my attention to it, by restoring and establishing many ancient readings in every one of these plays, which had been displaced for modern innovations: and if in the passage before us the ancient copy had afforded sense, I should have been very unwilling to disturb it. But it does not; for it reads, not "*O Gods*," as Mr. Steevens supposed, but O *God*, an adjuration surely not proper in the mouth of a heathen. Add to this, that the word *but* is exhibited with a small initial letter, in the only authentick copy; and the words "*good but unwise*" here appear to be the counterpart of *grave* and *reckless* in the subsequent line. On a re-consideration of this passage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predecessor will approve of the emendation now adopted. MALONE.

I have not displaced Mr. Malone's reading, though it may be observed, that an improper mention of the Supreme Being of the Christians will not appear decisive on this occasion to the reader who recollects that in *Troilus and Cressida* the Trojan Pandarus swears, "by *God's* lid," the Greek Thersites exclaims — "*God-a-mercy*;" and that, in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*, our author has put "*God* shield us!" into the mouth of Bottom, an Athenian weaver.

STEEVENS.

P. 163, l. 20. *The horn and noise o'the monsters,*] Alluding to his having called him *Titon* before.

WARBURTON.

P. 165, l. 23. 24. — *If he have power,*
Then vail your ignorance:] *If this man has power, let the* ignorance *that gave it him* vail *or bow down before him.* JOHNSON.

P. 163, l. 27–31. — *You are plebeians,*
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste

Most palates *their.*] These lines may, I think, be made more intelligible by a very slight correction:

—— *they no less* [*than senators*]
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste

Must palate *theirs.*

When the *taste* of the *great*, the patricians, must *palate*, must *please* [or must *try*] that of the *plebeians.* JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is, that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is

best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.
STEEVENS.

I think the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate. MALONE.

P. 164, l. 1-5. — *and my soul akes*, &c.] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed.
WARBURTON.

P. 164, l. 24. *They would not* thread *the gates:*] That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley.
JOHNSON.

P. 164, l. 31. *Native* for natural birth.
WARBURTON.

Native is here not natural birth, but *natural parent*, or *cause of birth.* JOHNSON.

P. 164, l. 35. — this bosom *multiplied*] This *multitudinous* bosom; the bosom of that great monster, the people. MALONE.

P. 165, l. 10-13. *No, take more:*
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! —] The sense is, No, let me add this further; and may every thing divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.

The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine; by their head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents; &c. See Brisson de *formulis*, p. 808—817. HEATH.

P. 165, l. 25-27. *You that will be less fearful than discreet;*
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt *the change of't;*] To *doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrours; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

P. 165, l. 29. *To* jump *a body*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read:

To vamp ——

jump anciently signified *to jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing. *To jump a body* may therefore mean, *to put it into a violent agitation or commotion*. STEEVENS.

From this passage in Pliny, it should seem that "to *jump* a body," meant *to risk* a body; and such an explication seems to me to be supported by the context in the passage before us. MALONE.

P. 165, l. 33-36. — *your dishonour*
Mangles true judgement, *and bereaves the state*
Of that integrity *which should* become it;] *Judgement* is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. JOHNSON.

Integrity is in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *suit*, to *befit*. JOHNSON.

P. 166, l. 14. 15. *Let what is meet, be said,*
it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.] That *it be said* by you, that what is meet to be done,

must be meet, i. e. *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established, when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature.

MALONE.

P. 167, l. 13–16. *Confusion's near; I cannot speak: You, tribunes To the people, — Coriolanus, patience: — Speak, good Sicinius.*] I would read:

Speak *to the people. — Coriolanus, patience: —*
Speak, good Sicinius. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt proposes an amendment to this passage, but nothing is necessary except to point it properly.

Confusion's near, — I cannot. Speak you, tribunes,
To the people.

He desires the tribunes to speak to the people, because he was not able; and at the end of the speech repeats the same request to Sicinius in particular. M. MASON.

I see no need of any alteration. MALONE.

P. 168, l. 20. — *are very* poisonous] I read: —— *are very* poisons. JOHNSON.

P. 169, l. 8. Cor. *Stand fast;*] Old copy — Com. *Stand fast;* &c. This speech certainly should be given to Coriolanus; for all his friends persuade him to retire. So, Cominius presently after:

"Come, Sir, along with us." WARBURTON.

P. 169, l. 14. For 'tis a sore upon us,] The two last impertinent words, which destroy the measure, are an apparent interpolation.

STEEVENS

P. 169, l. 22. and fol. Men. *Be gone;* &c.] The beginning of this speech, [attributed in the old copy to *Menenius,*] I am persuaded, should be given to Coriolanus. The latter part only belongs to Menenius:

"Be gone;

"Put not your worthy rage," &c.

TYRWHITT.

I have divided this speech according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction. STEEVENS.

The word, *begone*, certainly belongs to Menenius, who was very anxious to get Coriolanus away. — In the preceding page he says,

"Go, get you to your house; begone, away, —."

And in a few lines after, he repeats the same request.

"Pray you, be gone:

"I'll try whether my old wit be in request

"With those that have but little;"

M. MASON.

P. 169, l. 24. *One time will* owe *another.*] I know not whether to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power* in some *other time*: or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt*: that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection. JOHNSON.

I believe Menenius means, "This time will owe us one more fortunate." It is a common expression to say, "This day is yours, the next may be *mine.*" M. MASON.

The meaning seems to be, One time will compensate for another. Our time of triumph w

come hereafter: time will be in our debt, will *owe* us a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us trust to futurity. MALONE.

P. 169, l. 35. *Before the* tag *return?*] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail.* JOHNSON.

P. 171, l. 3. *Do not cry, havock,*] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. STEEVENS.

To cry havock, was I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a *hawk*. It was afterwards used in war. So, in *King John*:

"—— *Cry havock*, Kings."

And in *Julius Caesar*:

'Cry *havock*, and let slip the dogs of war."

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is expressly forbid in *The Ordinances des Battailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:

"Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *havock* sur peine d'avoir la test coupe."

The second article of the same *Ordinances* seems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price*.

"Item, que nul soit si hardy *de toucher* le corps de nostre Seignour, *ni le vessel en quel il est*, sur peyne d'estre trainez & pendu, & le teste avoir coupe." MS. *Cotton.* Nero D. VI. TYRWHITT.

P. 171, l. 33. *Deserved*, for *deserving*. So, *delighted* for *delighting*, in *Othello*:

"If virtue no delighted *beauty* lack," —

MALONE.

P. 172, l. 12. This is clean kam.] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, Tout va a contrepoil

All goes clean kam. Hence a *cambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam;* and in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591, is the following passage: "But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn."

Again, in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591:

"*Camocks* must be bowed with sleight not strength."

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

"*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*"

"The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled." STEEVENS.

In the old translation of *Gusman de Alfarache* the words *kim, kam,* occur several times. Amongst others, take the following instance: "All goes topsie turvy; all *kim, kam;* all is tricks and devices: all riddles and unknown mysteries." P. 109. REED.

P. 172, l. 13. *Merely awry:*] i. e. absolutely. STEEVENS.

P. 172, l. 16–18. Men. *The service of the foot*
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?] Nothing can be more evident, than that this could never be said by Coriolanus's apologist, and that it was said by *one of the tribunes*; I have therefore given it to *Sicinius*. WARBURTON.

he must be cut away. According them argument, the foot, being once gangrene to be respected for what it was before it grened. — "*Is this just?*" Menenh have added, if the tribune had not in him: and indeed, without any such additi his state of the argument these words wer stood. MALONE.

P. 173, l. 26-28. — *present me Death on the wheel*, or *at wild heels;*] Neither punishments was known at Rome. Shaks probably read or heard in his youth tha zar de Gerrard, who assassinated Willia of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces horses; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been before, for conspiring to take away the li gallant prince.

When I wrote this note, the punishme

known to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the story of Mettius Suffetius, and that in this as in various other instances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts: (for in 1594 John Chastel had been thus executed in France for attempting to assassinate Henry the Fourth:) more especially as we know from the testimony of Livy (Lib. I. xxviii.) that this cruel capital punishment was never inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republick, except in this single instance. MALONE.

P. 174, l. 3. *I muse,*] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.* JOHNSON.

P. 174, l. 8. —— *my ordinance* —] *My rank.* JOHNSON.

P. 174, l. 14. *The man I am.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the defect in this line, very judiciously in my opinion, by reading:

Truly *the man I am.*

Truely is properly opposed to *False* in the preceding line. STEEVENS.

P. 174, l. 18. *Let go.*] Here again Sir Thomas Hanmer, with sufficient propriety, reads — *Why*, let *it* go. — Mr. Ritson would complete the measure with a similar expression, which occurs in *Othello*, — "Let *it* go *all*." — Too many of the short replies in this and other plays of Shakspeare are apparently mutilated. STEEVENS.

P. 174, l. 22. *The* thwartings *of your dispositions,*] The old copies exhibit it:

The things *of your dispositions.*

A few letters replac'd, that by some carelessness dropp'd out, restore us the Poet's genuine reading.

The thwartings *of your dispositions*

T

Mr. Theobald only improved on M
correction —

The things *that thwart* your disposi

P. 175, l. 8. *Before he should thus*
the herd,] (O
stoop to the *heart.*) But how did Coriol
to his *heart?* He rather, as we vulgar
it, made his proud heart stoop to the n
the times. I am persuaded, my emend
the true reading. So before in this play

"Are these your *herd?*" THEOBAL

Mr. Theobald's conjecture is confir
passage, in which Coriolanus thus des
people:

"You shames of Rome! you *herd* o

Herd was anciently spelt *heard.* He
crept into the old copy. MALONE.

P. 175, l. 20–22. You are too absolu
Though therein you can never be
But when extremities speak.]
cases of urgent necessity, when your re
noble spirit, however commendable at o
ought to yield to the occasion. MALONE.

ing *legal right*, *established rank*, or *settled authority*. JOHNSON.

Allowance is certainly right. So, in *Othello*, Act II. sc. i:

"—— his pilot

"Of very expert and approv'd *allowance*."

Dr. Johnson's amendment, however, is countenanced by an expression in *The Taming of a Shrew*, where Petruchio's stirrups are said to be "of *no kindred*." STEEVENS.

I at first was pleased with Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, because "of no allowance," i. e. approbation, *to* your bosom's truth," appeared to me unintelligible. But *allowance*, has no connection with the subsequent words, "to your bosom's truth." The construction is — though but, bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*. The words, "and syllables of no allowance," are but in opposition with *bastards*, and are as it were parenthetical.

MALONE.

P. 176, l. 10. — *to take in* —] i. e. to subdue or destroy. MALONE.

P. 176, l. 16–18. — *I am in this,*
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts] Volumnia is pleading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that in this advice, she speaks as his wife, his son; as the senate and body of the patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his interest. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, I am in the

condition, I am *at stake*, together with *your wife, your son.* JOHNSON.

I am in this, means, I am in this predicament. M. MASON.

I think the meaning is, *In this* advice, in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are *at stake.* MALONE.

Our *general lowts*, i. e. our *common clowns.* JOHNSON.

P. 1-6, l. 22. *Of what that want* —] The *want* of their loves. JOHNSON.

P. 176, l. 25. Not *what is dangerous present, but* &c.] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only.* JOHNSON.

P. 1-6, l. 25. — *with* this *bonnet in thy hand;*] Surely our author wrote — with *thy* bonnet in thy hand: for I cannot suppose that he intended that Volumnia should either touch or take off the bonnet which he has given to Coriolanus. MALONE.

When Volumnia says — "*this* bonnet," she may be supposed to point at it, without any attempt to touch it, or take it off. STEEVENS.

P. 176, last l. & P. 177, l. 1. 2. — *waving thy* head,

Which often, *thus*, *correcting thy stout heart*,

Now humble, *as the ripest mulberry*,

That will not hold the handling:] But do any of the ancient or modern masters of elocution prescribe the *waving the head*, when they treat of action? Or how does the waving of the head correct the stoutness of the heart, or evidence humility? Or, lastly, where is the sense or grammar of these words, *Which often, thus*, &c? These

These questions are sufficient to show that the lines are corrupt. I would read therefore:

—— *waving thy* hand,
Which soften *thus*, *correcting thy stout heart.*

This is a very proper precept of action suiting the occasion; Wave thy hand, says she, and soften the action of it thus, — then strike upon thy breast, and by that action show the people thou hast corrected thy stout heart. All here is fine and proper. WARBURTON.

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Head* or *hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head* is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better to the hand, but in considering the author's language, too much stress must not be laid on propriety, against the copies. I would read thus:

—— *waving thy head,*
With *often*, *thus*, *correcting thy stout heart.*

That is, *shaking thy head*, and *striking* thy breast. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Hamlet*:

"And thrice his *head waving* thus, up and down." STEEVENS.

I have sometimes thought that this passage might originally have stood thus:

—— waving thy head,
(Which *humble* thus;) correcting thy stout heart,
Now *soften'd* as the ripest mulberry.
TYRWHITT.

As there is no verb in this passage as it stands, some amendment must be made, to make it [illegible]

telligible; and that which I now
read *bow* instead of *now*, which
right reading. M. Mason.

I am persuaded these lines are
as the author wrote them, a si
phraseology being found in his other
&c. is the absolute case, and is to
as if he had written — *It* often, &

This mode of speech, though
should now use, having been used
any emendation of this contested pa
unnecessary. Nor is this kind of p
culiar to our author.

Mr. M. Mason says, that there is
sentence, and therefore it must be
verb is is *go*, and the sentence, not
than many others in these plays. Go
says Volumnia, and appear before t
plicating attitude, — with thy bonn
thy knees on the ground, (for in su
is eloquence, &c.) waving thy hea
frequent bendings, (such as those that
subduing thy stout heart, which n
as humble as the ripest mulberry:
silent gestures of supplication do no
add words, and say to them, &c.

Whoever has seen a player supp
heard by the audience, when a t
whatever cause, has arisen in a thea
fectly feel the force of the words —
head."

No emendation whatever appears
necessary in these lines. Malone.

Mulberries when thoroughly ripe
the tree. Steevens.

Aeschylus (as appears from a

ΦΡΤΓΕΣ ἢ ΕΚΤΟΡΟΣ ΑΤΤΡΑ, preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii.) says of Hector that he was softer than *mulberries*.

Ἀνὴρ δ' ἐκεῖνος ἦν πεπαίτερος μόρων.

MUSGRAVE.

P. 177, l. 10. *Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:*] The word *all* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to remedy the apparent defect in this line. I am not sure, however, that we might not better read, as Mr. Ritson proposes:

Even as she speaks it, *why their hearts were yours.* STEEVENS.

P. 177, l. 18. A *Bower* is the ancient term for a *chamber*. So, Spenser, Prothalam. st. 8. speaking of *The Temple:*

Where now the studious lawyers have their *bowers.*"

See also Chaucer, &c. passim. STEEVENS.

P. 177. l. 29. *Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?*] The sophisticated people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses. JOHNSON.

In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering.

HAWKINS.

Unbarbed sconce is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him.

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn.

But (says Dean Milles, in his comment on *The Pseudo-Rowley*, p. 215.) "would that appearance [of being *unshaved*] have been particular at Rome *in the time* of Coriolanus?" Every one, but the

plot *to lose,*]
piece, portion; applied to a piece of
here elegantly transferred to the body,
W

P. 178, l. 11. — *perform a part*
Thou hast not done before.] Or
still thinking of his theatre. Comini
said, Come, come, we'll *prompt* yo

P. 178, l. 16. *Which* quired *with*
Which *played in concert* with my drum
P. 178, l. 19. To *tent* is *to take up*

P. 178, l. 25. *Lest I surcease to ho*
own truth,]
μάλις αἰσχύνεσθαῦτον. Pythagoras.
P. 178, l. 30-32. — *Come all to ru*

P. 180, l. 19. 20. *Insisting on the old prerogative*
And power i' the truth o' the cause.] This not very easily understood. We might read:
—— o'er *the truth o' the cause.* JOHNSON.

As I cannot understand this passage as it is inted, I should suppose that the speeches should thus divided, and then it will require no exnation.

Sic. Insisting on the old prerogative
And power.
Aed. In the truth of the cause
I shall inform them.

That is, I will explain the matter to them ly. M. MASON.

. 180, last l. & P. 181, first l. — *Being once chaf'd, he cannot*
Be rein'd again to temperance:] Our poet ms to have taken several of his images from the pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Coltanea*, Vol. IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* epresented "holding in hyr haund a *bitt of an se.*" TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet might have added, that both in ting and sculpture the *bit* is the established bol of this virtue. HENLEY.

. 181, l. 1-4. — *then he speaks*
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.] To *look* is to t or *expect*. The sense I believe is, *What he in his heart* is waiting there *to help us to ak his neck.* JOHNSON.

he tribune rather seems to mean — The sen-nts of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors.

and look to have their share in promoting his destruction. STEEVENS.

P. 181, l. 11. *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

P. 181, l. 16. 17. Throng *our large temples with the shows of peace,*
And not our streets with war!] (The old copy — *Trough.*) We should read:
Throng *our large temples* —
The other is rank nonsense. WARBURTON.

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

The *shows of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government. MALONE.

The real *shows of peace* among the Romans, were the olive-branch and the caduceus; but I question if our author, on the present occasion, had any determinate idea annexed to his words. Mr. Malone's supposition, however, can hardly be right; because the „temples" (i. e. those of the gods,) were never used for the determination of civil causes, &c. To such purposes the Senate and the Forum were appropriated. The *temples* indeed might be thronged with people who met to thank the gods for a return of peace. STEEVENS.

P. 181, l. 25. *Well, say. — Peace, ho.*] As the metre is here defective, we might suppose our author to have written:
Well, *Sir*; say *on*; — Peace, ho. STEEVENS.

P. 182, l. 11. 12. — *Do not take*
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,] His rougher *accents* are the harsh terms that he uses. MALONE.

P. 182, l. 14. *Rather than* envy *you.*] *Envy* is here taken at large for *malignity* or ill intention. JOHNSON.

According to the construction of the sentence, *envy* is evidently used as a verb, and signifies to *injure*. M. MASON.

Rather than import ill-will to you. MALONE.

P. 182, l. 24. — all *season'd office,*] All *office established* and *settled* by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

P. 182, l. 35. —— *clutch'd* —] i. e. grasp'd. STEEVENS.

P. 183, l. 32. *Envy'd against the people.*] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

P. 183, l. 33. — as *now at last.*] Read rather:

—— has *now at last.* JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *as* in this instance, has the power of *as well as.* The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

P. 183, l. 34-36. *Given hostile strokes, and that* not *in the presence*
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it:] *Not* stands again for *not only.* JOHNSON.

It is thus used in *The New Testament*, 1. Thess. iv. 8:

„He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 184, l. 14. 15. — *and can show* from *Rome,*
Her enemies' marks upon me.] Read — „*show for Rome.*" M. MASON.

He either means, that his wounds were

out of Rome, in the cause of his country, or that they mediately were derived from Rome, by his acting in conformity to the orders of the state. Mr. Theobald reads — *for* Rome; and supports his emendation by these passages:

„To banish him that struck more blows *for* Rome," &c.

Again:

„Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for* Rome." — MALONE.

P. 184, l. 15-18. *I do love*
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate,] I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value my dear wife.* JOHNSON.

P. 184, l. 27. *You common* cry *of curs!*] *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack.* So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

„ —— You have made good work,
„ You and your *cry.*" MALONE.

P. 184, last l. & P. 185, l. 1-3. — *Have the power still*
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (*which finds not, till it feels,*)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(*Still your own foes,*) *deliver you,*] *Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences,* leave none in the city *but yourselves, who* are always labouring your *own destruction.*

It is remarkable, that, among the polit maxims of the speculative Harrington, there one which he might have borrowed from t speech. *The people*, says he, *cannot see*, *they can feel*. It is not much to the honour the people, that they have the same character stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Suc was the power of our author's mind, that he look ed through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

„The people, (to use the comment of my friend Dr. Kearney, in his ingenious LECTURES ON HISTORY, quarto, 1776,) cannot nicely scrutinise errors in government, but they are roused by galling oppression." — Coriolanus, however, means to speak still more contemptuously of their judgment. Your ignorance is such, that you cannot see the mischiefs likely to result from your actions, till you actually experience the ill effects of them." — Instead, however, of „Making *due* reservation of yourselves," which is the reading of the old copy, and which Dr. Johnson very rightly explains, *leaving none in the city but yourselves*. I have no doubt that we should read, as I have printed, „Making *not* reservation of yourselves," which agrees with the subsequent words — "still your own foes," and with the general purport of the speech; which is, to show that the folly of the people was such as was likely to destroy the whole of the republick without *any* reservation, *not only others*, *but even themselves*, and to subjugate them as abated captives to some hostile nation. If, according to the old co[illegible], the people have the prudence to make reserva[illegible] of themselves, while they are destroying [illegible]r country, they cannot with any propriety be said

to be in that respect "*still their own foes.*" These words therefore decisively support the emendation now made.

How often *but* and *not* have been confounded in these plays, has already been frequently observed. In this very play *but* has been printed, in a former scene, instead of *not*, and the latter word substituted in all the modern editions. MALONE.

P. 185, l. 4. *Abated* captives,] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirit. STEEVENS.

P. 186, l. 7–10. — *fortune's blows,*
When mots struck home, being gentle wounded, *craves*
A noble cunning:] This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently warded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our author's words before we go explain their meaning.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

They bore as heroes, but they felt as men JOHNSON

P. 186, l. 33. 'Tis *fond*] i. e. 'tis foolish. See our author, passim. STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 6. *With* cautelous baits and practice.] By artful and fal tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

Cautelous, in the present instance, signifies — *insidious*. In the sense of *cautious* it occurs in *Julius Caesar*:

"Swear priests and cowards, and men *cautelous*." STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 7. *My* first *son*,] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath would read:

My fierce *son*. STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 10. More than a wild *exposture*] I know not whether the word *exposture* be found in any other author. If not, I should incline to read *exposure*. MALONE.

We should certainly read — *exposure*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"And when we have our naked frailties hid
"That suffer in *exposure*, —."

Exposture is, I believe, no more than a typographical error. STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 26. My friends *of noble touch*,] *i. e.* of true metall unallay'd. Metaphor from trying gold on the touchstone. WARBURTON.

P. 189, l. 6-9. &c. *Are you mankind?*

Vol. *Ay, fool; Is that a shame? — Note but this fool. — Was not a man, my father?*] The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out:

"— Note but this fool. —
"Was not a man my father?" JOHNSON.

P. 189, l. 9. — Hadst thou *foxship* &c.] *Hadst* thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

P. 191, l. 6. — *but your favour is well* appear'd *by your tongue.*] This is strange nonsense. We should read:

—— *is well* appeal'd,

i. e. brought into remembrance. WARBURTON.

I would read:

—— *is well* affear'd.

This is, *strengthened*, *attested*; a word used by our author.

"*His title is* affear'd." Macbeth.

To repeal may be *to bring to remembrance*, but *appeal* has another meaning. JOHNSON.

I would read:

Your favour is well approv'd *by your tongue*, i. e. your tongue confirms the evidence of your face. STEEVENS.

If there be any corruption in the old copy, perhaps it rather is in a preceding word. Our author might have written — your favour *has* well appear'd by your tongue: but the old text may, in Shakspeare's licentious dialect, be right. Your favour is fully *manifested*, or *rendered apparent*, by your tongue.

In support of the old copy it may be observed, that *becomed* was formerly used as a participle. MALONE.

P. 192, l. 7–9. — *the centurions, and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment*,] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in *pay*. To *entertain* an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

P. 193, l. 12. & fol. *O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn*, &c.] This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. WARBURTON.

P. 194, l. 17. 18. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,

In being Coriolanus.] i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli. STEEVENS.

P. 194, l. 22. *Companion* was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word *fellow*. MALONE.

P. 195, l. 10. — *I will not hurt your hearth.*] Here our author has both followed and deserted his original, the old translation of *Plutarch*. The silence of the servants of Aufidius, dit not suit the purposes of the dramatist. STEEVENS.

P. 197, l. 4. — a good *memory*,] The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*. JOHNSON.

P. 197, l. 19. *A heart of* wreak *in thee*,] A heart of resentment. JOHNSON.

Wreak is an ancient term for revenge. STEEVENS.

P. 197, l. 20–22. — and stop those *maims Of shame seen through thy country*,] That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory. JOHNSON.

P. 197, l. 26–28. — *for I will fight Against my canker'd country with the spleen Of all the* under *fiends.*] Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. STEEVENS.

circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS.

This appears to me to be refining too much. *Under* fiends in this passage does not mean, as I conceive, fiends *subordinate*, or in an *inferior* station, but *infernal* fiends.

In Shakspeare's time some fiends were supposed to inhabit the air, others to dwell under ground, &c. MALONE.

As Shakspeare uses the word *under*-skinker, to express the *lowest* rank of waiter, I do not find myself disposed to give up my explanation of *under* fiends. Instances, however, of "too much refinement" are not peculiar to me. STEEVENS.

P. 198, l. 13. *And* scar'd *the moon with splinters!*] (Old copy — scarr'd,) I believe, rightly. The modern editors read *scar'd*, that is, *frightened*. MALONE.

I read with the modern editors, rejecting the Chrononhotonthological idea of *scarifying* the moon. STEEVENS.

P. 198, l. 15. To *clip* is to embrace. STEEVENS.

P. 198, l. 21. 22. — when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold.] Shakspeare was unaware that a Roman bride, on her entry into her husband's house, was prohibited from *bestriding* his threshold; and that, lest she should even touch it, she was always lifted over it. STEEVENS.

P. 198. l. 26. 27. — *Thou hast beat me* out
Twelve several times,] *Out* here means, I believe, *full*, *complete*. MALONE.

P. 201, l. 5. 6. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; *sanctifies* himself with's hand:

ding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* any strange event. JOHNSON.

rather imagine the meaning is, considers the n of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same ence as a lover would clasp the hand of his ess. If there be any religious allusion, I ld rather suppose it to be the imposition of and in confirmation. MALONE.

rhaps the allusion is (however out of place) e degree of sanctity anciently supposed to be ed from touching the corporal relick of a saint martyr. STEEVENS.

201, l. 11. 12. — *and* sowle *the porter of gates by the ears:*] That is, I suppose, drag down by the ears into the dirt. *Souiller*, Fr. JOHNSON.

. Johnson's supposition, though not his deri- n, is just. Skinner says the word is derived *sow*, i. e. *to take hold of a person by the , as a dog seizes one of these animals.*

haps Shakspeare's allusion is to *Hercules* ing out *Cerberus*. STEEVENS.

natever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it rs to have been a familiar word in the last ry. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Gar- uses it as Shakspeare does. *Straff. Lett.* Vol. 149. "A lieutenant *soled him well by the* and drew him by the hair about the room." Strafford himself uses it in another sense, II. p. 138. "It is ever a hopeful throw, where aster *soles* his bowl well." In this pass- *sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is ly called *to ground* a bowl. TYRWHITT.

e in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders it *summa vi vellere*. MALONE.

P. 201, l. 21. — whilst he's in *d*
I suspect the author wrote: — whilst
creditude; a made word, instead o
He intended, I suppose, to put an
word into the mouth of this servant,
some resemblance to sense: but could
meant that he should talk absolute no

P. 201, l. 33. *This peace is not*
&c.] I believe a word or two have
Shakspeare probably wrote: ——
This peace is good for *nothing b*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — is *wor*
&c. STEEVENS.

P. 202, first l. — full of *vent.*] F
mour, full of materials for *discourse.*

ng of Mr. Pope, had not a similar irregularity n speech occurred in *All's well that ends well,* ct. II. sc. i. where the second Lord says — "O, *tis* brave *wars!*" as we have here — "*wars* may e said to be *a ravisher.*"

Perhaps, however, in all these instances, the ld blundering transcribers or printers, may have iven us *wars* instead of *war.* STEEVENS.

P. 202, l. 18–22. — *neither need we fear him;*

His remedies are tame *i' the present peace*
And quietness o' the people,] The old read-ng is.

His remedies are tame, the present peace.

do not understand either line, but fancy it should e read thus:

—— *neither need we fear him;*
His remedies are ta'en, *the present peace*
And quietness o' the people, ——

The meaning, somewhat harshly expressed, ac-ording to our author's custom, is this: *We need ot fear him*, the proper *remedies* against him re *taken*, by restoring *peace and quietness.*

JOHNSON.

I rather suppose the meaning of Sicinius to be his:

"*His remedies are tame,*

, e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends aight have strove to remedy his disgrace by tam-ering with them; but now, neither wanting to mploy his bravery, nor remembering his former ctions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to ork upon.

Mr. M. Mason would read, lame; but the epi-

in its defence. Had the expression in the
met with in a learned author; it might
ed for a Latinism:

—— summis *stantem pro* turrib
Aeneid. IX. 575.

P. 205, l. 4. — But *reason with th*
That is, have some *talk* with him. I
Shakspeare often uses the word. JOHNS

P. 205, l. 16. That *turns their coun*
i. e. that renders their aspect *sour*. Th
to the acescence of milk occurs again in
Athens:

"Has friendship such a faint and *m*
"It *turns* in less than two nights?"

I believe nothing more is meant than
their countenances. STEEVENS.

P. 206, l. 2. He and Aufidius can
atone,] To *ato*

I believe, was here thinking of the old city gates of London. MALONE.

The same phrase has occurred already, in this play. See p. 506. *Leads* were not peculiar to our city gates. Few ancient houses of consequence were without them. STEEVENS.

P. 267, l. 4. 5. — you that stood so much Upon the voice of *occupation*,] *Occupation* is here used for *mechanicks*, men *occupied* in daily business. So, again *Julius Cæsar*, Act. I. sc. ii. "As I had been a man of any *occupation*," &c. MALONE.

In the next page but one, the word *crafts* is used in the like manner, where Menenius says.

"— you have made fair hands,
"You, and your *crafts*!" M. MASON.

P. 270, l. 6. *The breath of garlick eaters!*] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*: "— he would mouth with a beggar, *though* she smell'd brown bread and *garlick*." MALONE.

To smell of *leeks* was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii.

si quis rerum sectile porrum
Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?

— And from the following passage in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, it should appear that *garlick* was once much used in England, and afterwards as much out of fashion.

"Fortune favours nobody but *garlick*, nor *garlick* neither now; yet she has strong reason to love it; for though garlick made her smell abo-

minably in the nostrils of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stunk worse for *garlick*."

Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deserted fellow, a person left to suffer without friends to assist him. STEEVENS.

P. 207, l. 9. 10. *As Hercules*
Did shake down mellow fruit:] A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. STEEVENS.

P. 207, l. 14. 15. — All the regions
Do *smilingly revolt;*] *Smilingly* is the word in the old copy, for which *seemingly* has been printed in late editions.

To revolt smilingly is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

P. 207, l. 25-30. — for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they *charg'd him* even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And *therein show'd like enemies.*] Their *charge* or injunction would show them insensible of his wrongs; and make them *show like enemies.* JOHNSON.

They charg'd, and therein show'd, has here the force of *They would charge, and therein show.* MALONE.

P. 208, l. 7. — *cowardly* nobles,] I suspect that our author wrote — *coward*, which he sometimes uses adjectively. So, in *King John:*

"Than e'er the *coward* hand of France can win." STEEVENS.

P. 208, l. 10. They'll *roar him in again*,] As they *hooted* at his departure, they will *roar at his* return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

P. 209, l. 3. — you and your cry!] Allud-

ing to a pack of hounds. So, in *Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players. STEEVENS.

P. 210, l. 4. — He bears himself *more proudlier*] We have already had in this play — more *worthier*, as in *Timon of Athens*, Act. IV. sc. i. we have *more kinder*; yet the modern editors read here — more *proudly*. MALONE.

P. 210, l. 33. *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *ossifraga*. POPE.

I learn from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of *The Battle of Flodden*, that the *osprey* is a "rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed." STEEVENS.

P. 240, last l. & P. 211, l. 1–9. — *whether 'twas pride*, &c.] Anfidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

P. 211, l. 10. — *not all*,] i. e. not all complete, not all *in their full extent*. MALONE.

P. 211, l. 12. 13. — *But he has a merit, To choke it in the utterance.*] He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

P. 211, l. 15–17. — So our virtues *Lie in the interpretation* of the time:

And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.] This is a common thought, but miserably ill expressed. The sense is, the virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest *tomb* in that *chair* where in it holds forth its own commendations:

"unto itself most commendable,"

i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself.

WARBURTON.

If our author meant to place Coriolanus in this *chair*, he must have forgot his character, for, as Mr. M. Mason has justly observed, he has already been described as one who was so far from being a boaster, that he could not endure to hear "his nothings monster'd." But I rather believe, "in the utterance" alludes not to Coriolanus himself, but to the high encomiums pronounced on him by his friends. MALONE.

P. 211, l. 19. *Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths, do fail.*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors, with less obscurity — Right's by right fouler, &c. i. e. What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this passage, which may be applied with too much justice to many of my own comments on Shakspeare.

Dr. Warburton would read — *fouled*, from *fouler*, Fr. to trample under foot. STEEVENS.

Right's by right fouler, may well mean, "That one right or title, when produced, makes another less fair." All the short sentences in this speech of Aufidius are obscure, and some of them nonsensical. M. MASON.

I am of Dr. Warburton's opinion that this is nonsense; and would read, with the slightest possible variation from the old copies:

Rights by rights foul are, *strengths*, &c.
RITSON.

P. 212, l. 5. — if he *coy'd*] i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve, coldness. STEEVENS.

P. 212, l. 18. 19. *A pair of tribunes that have* rack'd *for Rome,*
To make coals cheup:] To *rack* means *to harrass by exactions*, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places.

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

P. 212, l. 19. —— *memory!*] *for* memorial.
STEEVENS.

P. 212, l. 25. *It was a* bare petition *of a state*
The one whom they had punish'd.] A *bare petition*, I believe, means only a *mere petition*. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment.
STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but we should read, —
It was a *base* petition, &c.
meaning that it was unworthy the dignity of a state, to petition a man whom they had banished.
M. MASON.

P. 213, l. 28. *He was not taken well; he had not din'd:*] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that *he loved* convivial doings. WARBURTON.

P. 213, l. 31–34. — *but when we have stuff'd*
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts:] I am afraid, that when Shakspeare introduced this comparison, the religious abstinence of modern, not ancient Rome, was in his thoughts. STEEVENS.

Priests are forbid, by the discipline of the church of Rome, to break their fast before the celebration of mass; which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day. C.

P. 214, l. 6–8. *Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge*
Of my success.] There could be no doubt but Menenius himself would soon have knowledge of his own success. The sense therefore requires that we should read,

Speed how it will, *you* shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. M. MASON.

That Menenius at *some time* would have knowledge of his success, is certain; but what he asserts is, that he would *ere long* gain that knowledge. MALONE.

All Menenius designs to say, may be — *I shall not be kept long in suspence* as to the result of my embassy. STEEVENS.

P. 214, l. 11. — *he does sit in gold,*] He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

—— χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη. Hom. JOHNSON.

P. 214, l. 15–18. — *What he would do,*
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,

Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions;] This is apparently wrong. Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read:

Bound with an oath not *yield to* new *conditions.*

They might have read more smoothly:

—— *to yield* no *new conditions.*

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something left out. I should read:

—— *What he would do,*
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions. —

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this: *To yield to his conditions* is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, *so that all hope is vain.* JOHNSON.

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him. FARMER.

The amendment which I have to propose, is a very slight deviation from the text — the reading "*in* his conditions," instead of "*to* his conditions." — To *yield*, in this place, means to *relax.*

What Cominius means to say, is, "That Coriolanus sent in writing after him the conditions on which he would agree to make a peace, and bound himself by an oath not to depart from them."

The additional negative which Hanmer and Warburton wish to introduce, is not only unnecessary, but would destroy the sense; for the thing which Coriolanus had sworn not to do, was *to yield in his conditions.* M. MASON.

What he would do, i. e. the conditions on

which he offered to return, he sent in writing after Cominius, intending that he should have carried them to Menenius. *What he would not*, i. e. his resolution of *neither dismissing his soldiers*, nor *capitulating* with *Rome's Mechanicks*, in case the terms he prescribed should be refused, he bound himself by an oath to maintain. If these conditions were admitted, the oath of course, being grounded on that proviso, must *yield to them*, and be cancelled. That this is the proper sense of the passage, is obvious from what follows:

Cor. " —— if you'd ask, remember this before;
" The things I have foresworn to grant, may never
" Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
" *Dismiss my soldiers*, or *capitulate*
" Again with Rome's mechanicks." —
HENLEY.

I believe, two half lines have been lost; that *Bound with an oath* was the beginning of one line, and *to yield to his conditions* the conclusion of the next. Perhaps, however, *to yield to his conditions*, means — to yield *only* to his conditions; referring these words to *oath*: that his oath was irrevocable, and should yield to nothing but such a reverse of fortune as he could not resist. MALONE.

P. 214, l. 20-22. *Unless his noble mother, and his wife;*
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For *mercy to his country.*] *Unless his mother and wife* — do what? The sentence is imperfect. We should read:
Force *mercy* to *his* country. —
and then all is right. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is surely hard

and may be rendered unnecessary by printing the passage thus:

—— mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country —— Therefore, &c.

This liberty is the more justifiable, because, as soon as the remaining hope crosses the imagination of Menenius, he might suppress what he was going to add, through haste to try the success of a last expedient. STEEVENS.

No amendment is wanting, the sense of this passage being complete without it. We say every day in conversation, — You are my only hope — He is my only hope, — instead of — My only hope is in you, or in him. The same mode of expression occurs in this sentence, and occasions the obscurity of it. M. MASON.

P. 215, l. 13. — *it is* lots *to blanks,*] A *lot* here is a *prize*. JOHNSON.

Lot, in French, signifies *prize*. Le gros *lot*. The capital *prize*. S. W.

I believe Dr. Johnson here mistakes. Menenius, I imagine, only means to say, that it is more than an equal change that his name has touch'd their ears. *Lots* were the terms in our author's time for the total number of tickets in a *lottery*, which took its name from thence. MALONE.

P. 215, l. 22. 24. *For I have ever verify'd my friends,*
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer:] To *verify*, is *to establish by testimony*. One may say, with propriety, *he brought false witnesses to verify his title*. Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather testimony than truth, and only meant to say, I have ever

ness *to my friends with all the zine that verily would suffer.*

I must remark, that to *magnify*, signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read *varnished*; but Dr. Johnson's explanation of the old word renders all change unnecessary.

To *verify* may, however, signify to *display*. STEEVENS.

P. 215, l. 25. *Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground.*] *Subtle* means *smooth, level.*

Subtle, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling-greens are. STEEVENS.

May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful*? MALONE.

P. 215, l. 26. 27. — *and in his praise Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing*:] i. e. given the *sanction* of truth to my very *exaggerations*. This appears to be the sense of the passage, from what is afterwards said by the 2. *Guard*. "Howsoever you have been his *liar*, as you say you have." — *Leasing* occurs in our Translation of the Bible. See Psalm. iv. 2. HENLEY.

I have almost given the *lie* such a sanction as to render it *current*. MALONE.

P. 216, l. 14. — the *easy* groans] i. e. slight, inconsiderable. STEEVENS.

P. 217, l. 2. — a *Jack guardant* —] This term is equivalent to one still in use — a *Jack in office*; i. e. one who is as proud of his petty consequence, as an excise-man. STEEVENS.

P. 217, l. 3-5. — guess, but by my entertainment *with him*, &c.] (Old copy — but)

read, *Guess* by *my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging.* JOHNSON.

P. 217, l. 25–27. — *Though I owe*
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts.] Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined. JOHNSON.

P. 217, l. 32. — for *I lov'd thee,*] i. e. because. STEEVENS.

P. 218, l. 11. *Do you hear how we are* shent *for keeping your greatness back?*] *Shent* is *brought to destruction.* JOHNSON.

Shent does not mean *brought to destruction*, but, *shamed, disgraced,* made *ashamed of himself.* PERCY.

P. 218, l. 18. — to die *by himself,*] i. e. by his own hands. MALONE.

P. 219, l. 1–3. — how plainly
I have borne this business.] That is, *how openly, how* remotely from artifice or concealment. JOHNSON.

P. 220, l. 13–16. Cor. *These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.*
Virg. *The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,*
Makes you think so.] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same,* meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or other *dispositions.* She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNSON.

P. 220, l. 23. — *by the jealous Queen of heaven,*] That is, *by Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the *avenger* of connubial perfidy. JOHNSON.

P. 221, l. 2. *Then let the pebbles on the* hungry *beach*

Fillip the stars:] The *hungry* beach is the *steril*: *unprolifick* beach. Every writer on husbandry speaks of *hungry* soil, and *hungry* gravel; and what is more barren than the sands upon the sea shore? If it be necessary to seek for a more recondite meaning, — the shore, on which vessels are stranded, is as *hungry* for shipwrecks, as the waves that cast them on the shore. Shakspeare, on this occasion meant to represent the beach as a mean, and not as a magnificent *object*. STEEVENS.

P. 221, l. 8. — *Do you know this lady?*] Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the profession without speaking.

JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following words of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player-editors; and the lines that compose this speech might be given to the sister of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no address when she appears with his wife and mother on this occasion. STEEVENS.

P. 221, l. 10–12. — *chaste as the icicle,*
That's curded *by the frost from purest snow,*
And hang's on Dian's temple:] Some Roman lady of the name of *Valeria*, was one of the great examples of chastity held out by writers of the middle age. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read *curdled;* but curdied is the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. STEEVENS.

P. 221, l. 13. This is a poor epitome *of yours*,] I read:

—— *epitome* of you.

An epitome of you, which, *enlarged by the commentaries of time*, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Johnson's reading is more elegant, I have not the least suspicion here of any corruption. MALONE.

P. 221, l. 16–18. *The god of soldiers,*
With the consent of supreme Jove, *inform*
Thy thoughts with noblenesse;] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome. WARBURTON.

P. 221, l. 21. — every *flaw*,] That is, every *gust*, every *storm*. JOHNSON.

P. 222, l. 11. and fol. Vol. *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment*, &c.] "The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*, may (says Mr. Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicero, in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson." Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words of North into blank verse.

"If we heldevour peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately than all the women liuinge we are come hether, consydering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath

made most fearfull to us: making my selfe
my sonne, and my daughter here, her h
besieging the walles of his native countrie.
that which is the only comfort to all other
adversitie and miseries, to pray unto the
and to call to them for aide, is the onely
which plongeth us into most deep perplexi
we cannot (alas) together pray, both for
for our countrie, and for safety of thy li
bot a worlde of grievous curses, yea mo
any mortall enemie can heape uppon us,
sibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the hitt
of most hard choyce is offered thy w
children, to forgoe the one of the two: e
lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse
native countrie. For my selfe (my sonne
determined not to tarrie, till fortune in
doe make an ende of this warre. For if I
persuade thee, rather to doe good unto bo
ties, then to ouerthrowe and destroye the on
ferring loue and nature before the malice
lamite of warres; thou shalt see, my sonn
trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner marche
to assault thy countrie, but thy foote sha
upon thy mother's wombe, that brought t
into this world." FARMER.

P. 222, l. 21. 22. *Constrains them wee*
shake with fear and sorrow;] T
constrains the eye to *weep*, *and* the h
shake. JOHNSON.

P. 223, l. 7. — till
These wars *determine:*] i. e. conclud
ST

P. 224, l. 10. — the *fine strains* —] T
eties, the refinements. JOHNSON.

P. 224, l. 12–14. *To rear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,*
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak.] The old copy has *change*. The correction is Dr. Warburton's. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much; and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.

P. 224, l. 24 26. — *yet here he lets me prate,*
Like one i' the stocks.] Keep me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

P. 225, l. 9. *Does* reason *our petition*] Does *argue for* us and our petition. JOHNSON.

P. 226, l. 7. 8. — *out of that I'll work*
Myself a former fortune.] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

P. 226, l. 12. *But we will* drink *together;*] Perhaps we should read — *think*. FARMER.

P. 226, l. 15. — *Ladies, you deserve*
To have a temple built you:] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.

P. 226, last l. — *stay upon execution.*] i. e. stay but *for* it. STEEVENS.

P. 227, l. 8. 9. — he no more remembers his mother now, than *an eight year old horse.*] Subintelligitur *remembers his dam*. WARBURTON.

P. 227, l. 14. *He sits in his state,*] In a foregoing note he was said to *sit in gold*. The phrase, *as a thing made for Alexander*, means, *as one made to resemble Alexander*.

His state means his chair of state. JOHNSON. MALONE.

P. 228, l. 16. 17. *Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the* blown tide,
As the reconforted through the gates.] *Blown* in the text is *swell'd.*

The effect of a high or spring tide, as it is called, is so much greater than that which wind commonly produces, that I am not convinced by the following note that my interpretation is erroneous. Water that is subject to tides, even when it is not accelerated by a spring tide, appears swoln, and to move with more than ordinary rapidity, when passing through the narrow strait of an arch.

MALONE.

The *blown tide* is the tide blown, and consequently accelerated by the wind. So, in another of our author's plays;

"My boat sails swiftly both with *wind* and tide." STEEVENS.

P. 231, l. 22. *Which he did* end *all his;*] In Johnson's edition it was, "Which he did *make* all his," which seems the more natural expression, though the other be intelligible. M. MASON.

End is the reading of the old copy, and was changed into *make* by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

P. 231, l. 25. *He wag'd me with his countenance,*] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for *my wages;* thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for *wages.* STEEVENS.

P. 231, l. 32. For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.] This

is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNSON.

P. 232, l. 30. — *answering us*
With our own charge,] That is, *rewarding us with our own expences*; making the cost of war its recompense. JOHNSON.

P. 233, l. 30. For certain *drops of salt*,] For certain tears. MALONE.

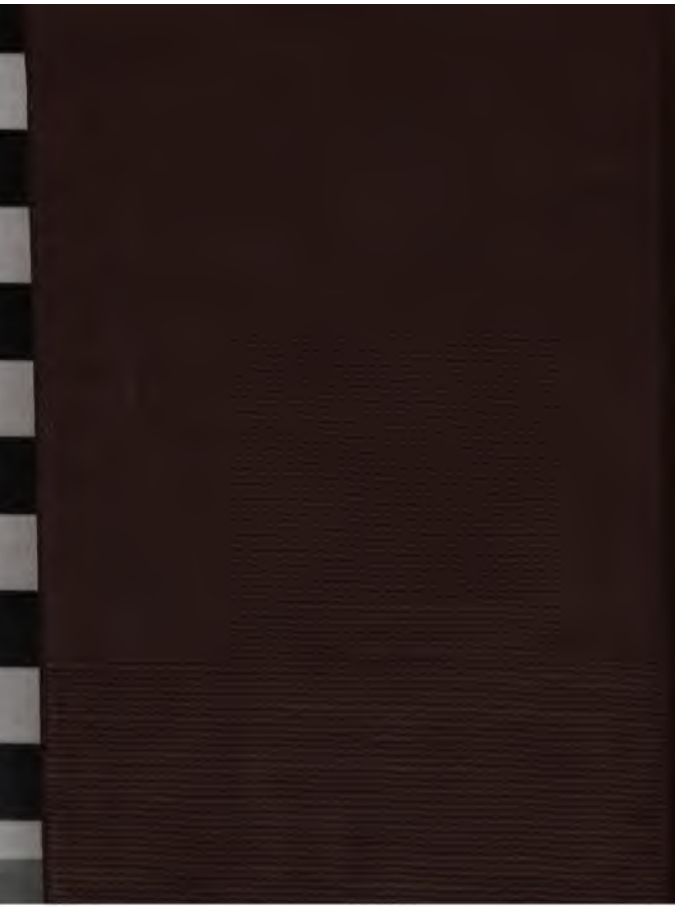
P. 234, l. 6. Auf. *No more.*] This should rather be given to the *first lord*. It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation. TYRWHITT.

P. 234, l. 35. — *his fame folds in*
This orb o' the earth.] His fame overspreads the world. JOHNSON.

P. 234, last l. & P. 235, first l. — *His last offence* to us
Shall have judicious *hearing*,] Perhaps *judicious*, in the present instance, signifies *judicial*; such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature. Thus imperious is used by our author for imperial. STEEVENS.

P. 235, l. 32. 33. — the most noble corse,
that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.] This allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the publick funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased. STEEVENS.

P. 236, l. 9. *Memory* for *memorial*.
STEEVENS.

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old

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